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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Memoirs of Sarah Duchess of Marlborough, and of the Court of Queen Anne. By Mrs. A. T. Thomson, authoress of "The Court of Henry VIII," "Life of Sir Walter Raleigh," &c. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1839. Colburn.

It is out of our power to render a complete account of this valuable work in our present Number; for it is not easy within a week (were there really nothing else to interfere) to pay due attention to above a thousand honest pages of historical matter, and much of it attested by correspondence and documents hitherto but imperfectly consulted. We may observe, however, that these *Memoirs* have been very lucky in the time of their publication. No bookseller, that ever ventured a speculation, could have been more fortunate than Mr. Colburn in having an exposition of the court of our last reign Queen, given to the world at a period when another single Queen reigns over us; and recent political events serve so singularly to connect and illustrate the circumstances of female rule. On many points, it would seem as if party had only changed names and situations;—as if the same persons under other titles had again risen up to shape the destinies of the country;—as if men had reappeared and measures were reacted;—as if household influence and favouritism were to play the same parts in other directions;—and, in short, as if with some unessential changes in the cast of the performers, and unimportant variations in aims and objects, the history of England were to offer, in the middle of the nineteenth, little else than a repetition of the beginning of the eighteenth century.

It is, therefore, with the accession of Anne that the greatest interest of these volumes will be found to be combined, though there is much in their previous statements which deserves our serious consideration; and to these we must, in the order of dates, pay our first devoirs. Among other particulars respecting her work, Mrs. Thomson tells us—

"A great portion of the duchess's narrative having been delivered in conversation to Hooke, the historian whom she employed to make the book intelligible, the most characteristic portion of the *Account*, which was suppressed by the prudence of Hooke, is of course wholly lost. In the materials which the duchess collected to form the volume, many minute particulars which were not deemed worthy of insertion in the *Account*, are, however, preserved; and it has been the good fortune of the authoress of these *Memoirs* to supply, in some instances, the garbled passages from the duchess's papers, and to restore to the *Vindication* the duchess's own language; those expressive and happy phrases which, as the reader will perceive, described her own sentiments, and portrayed the characters of others, in a manner that no dispassionate historian could imitate. Of such papers as were deemed fit for publication by the Marlborough and Spencer families, Archdeacon Coxe, in compiling his elaborate 'Life of John Duke of Marlborough,' had the free use, with the privilege of making copies. In the able work of this indefatigable historian

he availed himself, in some measure, of most of these valuable materials; but in the progress of his heavy task, he never forgot that he was compiling a biography of the Duke, not the Duchess, of Marlborough; that he was dealing with the enterprises, the treaties, the opinions, and the projects of men; and not with the intrigues, the foibles, the feelings, and the quarrels, of women. He has, therefore, but rarely and incidentally referred to the Duchess of Marlborough: hastening from the subject, as if he indeed feared that her formidable spirit might be recalled by the expressions of disapproval which he cautiously bestows upon her, by the hints which he gives of her temper, and the conclusion to which he fails not to lead the reader, that she was the source of all the duke's disappointments and reverses. This determination on the part of the archdeacon, and the manifest prejudice which he had imbibed against the Duchess of Marlborough, may readily be traced, by those who are induced to examine the manuscripts which were placed in the museum by the executors of Dr. Coxe. These papers, which formed, in part, the materials for the life of the great general, and also for the duchess's 'Account,' are extremely interesting, and afford a satisfactory basis for a memoir. They contain, amongst other documents, many private letters, from which a selection has been already published, with great success, under the title of 'Private Correspondence of the Duchess of Marlborough.' They comprise also, not only a mass of papers relating to the duke's continental and political affairs, but a discussion upon the reasons for the dismissal of Lord Godolphin, the mode in which it was effected by Queen Anne, some curious correspondence relative to the building of Blenheim, the letters of Lord Coningsby to the duchess, and her grace's long and reiterated remonstrances with the Treasury upon various topics, passages of which develop more of her character than long pages of description could unfold.

"Without the aid of these manuscripts, the memoirs of the duchess would not have had the character of originality to which, in some degree, it is presumed, they may aspire. It is curious that in many instances the authoress has found it desirable to extract from these documents the very passages which Dr. Coxe had most carefully rejected. In the few memorials of the duchess to which he has referred in his work, he has passed his pen across all lively observations as irrelevant; all detail, however illustrative of her character, as unnecessary. Every thing that could cheer the reader during the recital of vexatious politics, and after the enumeration of battles, was discarded, or discussed briefly. Such are some of the sources from which information for these *Memoirs* has been gleaned."

Yet so entirely political was the life of the Duchess of Marlborough that its private details are almost swallowed up in the vortex; nevertheless some of them, now rescued from oblivion, are very interesting. Still the places of her birth and death are hardly verified; though it seems most probable that the former was at Holywell near St. Albans, and the latter in London.

Of her middle life, the following extract speaks:—

"Whilst these minor events were disturbing the peace of the royal household, the first campaign in Ireland called Marlborough away from the home and the wife whom he loved so well. Every letter to the countess which he penned during his absence, breathes a devotion which time and distance seem only to have heightened. In the hurry of military movements, in the excitement of unparalleled triumphs, his heart was ever with her. 'I am heart and soul yours,' was his constant expression. 'I can have no happiness till I am quiet with you.' 'I cannot live away from you.' Again, he beautifully concludes one letter: 'Put your trust in God as I do, and be assured that I think I can't be unhappy as long as you are kind.' So true and elevated was the attachment of that affectionate heart. 'Pray believe me,' he says, writing in 1705, immediately after the battle of Ramillies, 'when I assure you that I love you more than I can express.' These and other innumerable fond asseverations, even when his wife had passed the bloom of youth, and, it appears, no longer possessed (if she ever did) equanimity of temper, speak an attachment not based upon evanescent advantages. With a candour inseparable from a great mind, he generously took upon himself the blame of those contentions by which the busy and harassing middle period of married life, that period in which love often dies a natural death, is, in all stations, apt to be embittered."

The concluding remark is philosophical enough, and from a lady's pen! Nor is the following amiss, when speaking of the disputes between Anne and her sister Queen Mary:—

"There is always something in feminine altercations that is ludicrous as well as painful. Few women know how and where to stay the course of anger; when it once begins to flow, every charm, every grace so fondly prized by the sex, is obliterated, when retort follows retort, and retaliation grows vigorous; and dignity, to assert which the fair sex is oftentimes so valiant, takes its departure immediately we become vociferous in its defense."

We do not deem it necessary to follow Mrs. Thomson either in the historical details of the period, or in the alliances and other concerns of the Marlborough family, with which intelligent readers are well acquainted; but will select, here and there, such quotations as seem to us best calculated to exhibit the spirit of her work. Thus:—

"The Duchess of Marlborough's dismissal from Anne's favour may be said to have commenced, in reality, when that princess ascended the throne of England. The favourite was now wholly devoted to Whig principles; Anne was always, in her heart, a Tory. Lady Marlborough could ill brook opposition from one whose actions she had for years guided, and who had scarcely dared to move except at her bidding. The Queen had, as a monarch, one great failing, which characterised the house of Stuart: she allowed too great familiarities in those around her, and forbore to rebuke insolence, or even to check presumption. No one was so likely to presume upon this want of

dignity as the Countess of Marlborough. Her haughtiness soon grew into downright contumacy. Even whilst holding the queen's fan and gloves, or presenting them to her majesty, in the capacity of an attendant, she turned away her head with contempt directly afterwards, as if the poor harmless queen inspired her with disgust. How long Anne bore with such conduct, remains to be seen. For the first ten years of her reign, Lady Marlborough, however, ruled paramount.

Having ascended the throne, we are informed :

"Whilst the public were amused with the pageantry of this imposing ceremony, busy cabal occupied the private hours of the queen, and within her palace, a contemporary writer has not hesitated to affirm, there was a very busy market of all the offices of government. 'For,' says Cunningham, 'the queen's own relations being kept at a distance, all things were managed by the sole authority of one woman, to whom there was no access but by the golden road; and it was to no purpose for the Earl of Rochester to set forth his own duty, affection, and the rights of consanguinity.' This 'woman,' it needs scarcely be stated, was the Countess of Marlborough, whose frank avowal of her exertions to form the queen's household, at this period, in her conduct, was not necessary to establish that which all the world knew. With respect to the grave charge preferred against her by Mr. Cunningham, the consideration of her imputed corruption must be hereafter discussed. The elevation of her royal mistress to the throne brought the countess, as she observes, 'into a new scene of life, and into a sort of consideration with all those whose attention, either from curiosity or ambition, was turned to politics and the court.' Hitherto, whilst her personal influence over the princess had furnished many a topic for the gossip of the day, it had produced no apparent effect upon the affairs of the nation, the princess herself never having been allowed any means of interference in politics, or power in public appointments. But now the countess began to be regarded as one who possessed a great extent of patronage, — that curse and temptation, as it often proves; in short, as one, 'without whose approbation neither places, pensions, nor honours, were conferred by the crown.' The intimate friendship with which she was honoured by the queen favoured this supposition.

One of her letters in the Appendix is a singular proof of the manner in which her influence was exercised. We give it with Mrs. Thomson's note.

"This letter proves that, so early as the year 1707, the good understanding between the queen and her favourite was undermined.

"August 7, 1707.

"Lord Marlborough has written to me to put your Majesty in mind of Count Wrateslaw's picture, and in the same letter desires me to ask for one that he sent Lord Treasurer, which came from Hanover, which I have seen, and which I know you would not have me trouble you with; and I have been so often discouraged in things of this nature that I believe nobody in the world but myself would attempt it; but I know Mrs. Morley's intentions are good, and to let her run on in so many mistakes that must of necessity draw her into great misfortunes at last, is just as if one should see a friend's house set on fire, and let them be burnt in their bed without endeavouring to wake them, only because they had taken laudanum, and had desired not to be disturbed. This is the very case of poor dear Mrs. Morley;

nothing seems agreeable to her but what comes from the artifice of one that has always been reported to have a great talent that way. I heartily wish she may discover her true friends before she suffers for the want of that knowledge; but as to the business of calling for the Princess Sophia over, I don't think that will be so easily prevented as she (perhaps) may flatter herself it will, though I can't think there can be many, at least, that know how ridiculous a creature she is, that can in their hearts be for her. But we are a divided nation; some Jacobites that cover themselves with the name of Tory, and yet are against the crown. And whoever comes into the project of that sort must do it in hopes of confusion. Others there are that are so ignorant that they really believe the calling over any of the House of Hanover will secure the succession, and the Protestant religion. And some of those gentlemen that do know better, and that have so many years supported the true interest against the malice of all the inventions of the enemies to this government, I suppose will grow easy, and be pretty indifferent at least in what they think may be of no ill consequence, further than in displeasing the court, not only in this of the Princess Sophia, but in any thing else that may happen; and as Mrs. Morley orders her affairs, she can't expect much strength to oppose any thing where she is most concerned. Finding Mrs. Morley has little time to spare, unless it be to speak to those that are more agreeable, or that say what she likes on these subjects, I have taken the liberty to write an answer to this, which you will say is sincere, and can be no great trouble only to sign it with Morley."

With this extract, and the first volume, we must conclude for the present; only adding, that from Dalrymple, as well as from Cunningham and other able authors, Mrs. Thomson has, with honourable impartiality, culled her public materials. Some repetitions occur in the narrative, but they are of little consequence, and occasionally seem almost unavoidable to complete the sense; a few typographical errors also require correction.*

Fair Rosamond; or, the Days of King Henry II.: a Historical Romance. By Thomas

Miller, author of "Royston Gower," "Beauties of the Country," "A Day in the Woods," &c. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1839. Colburn.

It cannot rain but it pours: this is the third three-volume work we have received within a few days, preluded also by Mr. James's publication, noticed so lately as in the *Literary Gazette* of Saturday. Were we to occupy our whole sheet with them, we could not do sufficient justice to these productions, some of them employing, as they do, the talents of very popular writers; and we fear, in so far as regards their authors, that they will not allow in such cases brevity to be the soul of wit. To any thing from the pen of Mr. Miller, we should feel inclined to do much more than we can, under these circumstances, afford; for he has raised himself a name from his humble beginning, which ranks deservedly high in our living literature. Of his efforts, he speaks very unaffectedly in a preface to *Fair Rosamond*, and says, "The few ill-natured rubs he has had, he regards not, for the man who sits down with the firm conviction that he has had more praise than he deserves, must expect

* See Introduction, p. v. the date 1510 instead of 1710; p. 86, slight reason instead of reason, (what a difference to a T!) in p. 443, "Splendidi mendax," for "Splendide mendax," if, indeed, being copied from MS. in the British Museum, the original may not be in fault.

to meet with a few drawbacks. And although his works are open to criticism, yet there are points about them which ought not to call down the whole weight of the lash; to such belong his humble station in life, his short practice in the craft of authorship, and his lack of education; let these be dealt mercifully with, and he will be content to submit to all fair chastisement, for he has not forgotten the old couplet, that says,

"The man who printeth his poetic fits,
Into the public's mouth his head commits."

Well for him — his head is as safe there as Van Amburgh's in the mouth of one of his tamed lions, and so far from being in danger, the animal in both instances would wag its tail, and be wondrously pleased with the treat.

As in his preceding publications, Mr. Miller, in the present performance, displays a fine poetical vein, an admirable conception of the historical character belonging to the period he has chosen, even greater talent than before, in commanding individual portraiture, glowing powers of description, and felicity in making his under and fictitious agents play a consistent part in developing the drama of his principal personages. His Rosamond is a beautiful loving creature; his Henry, noble and chivalrous; his Eleanor, revengeful and implacable; and his Becket one of the most vivid and striking pictures we have seen on such a canvass. Glanvil, the minstrel Pierre de Vidal, and other sketches, are equally true; whilst Ugglethred and Gamas Gobbo (the latter suggested by an idiot in White's "Selborne," and only transplanted to a former age) are excellent specimens of the skill with which fancy may interweave the suppositions with the real. Altogether, *Fair Rosamond* is a stirring representation of the distant date to which the romance refers; and the liberties Mr. Miller has taken, both with the meagre authentic facts handed down to us, and the ideal legends founded upon them, respecting that famous heroine, are such as do credit to his taste and judgment. We will not, however, anticipate them; for the author, having to struggle against long-established belief and actual history, has had enough to do in establishing an interest and creating a sympathy, without our cutting any more of his ground from under his feet.

Henry (we may say) is presented to the reader as privately married to Rosamond Clifford, and we quote a passage thereon:

"Leaving Henry and his chancellor to discuss the best means for keeping his marriage a secret, and for blinding the keen-eyed and jealous Queen, we will return to Rosamond, who had now become fully aware of her position. She loved Henry too fondly to take any advantage of the situation in which she found herself so unexpectedly placed, and was moreover of a disposition so much inclined to peace, that she never once thought of making use of the secret which she had so unexpectedly obtained. All tenderness and trust, she could not for a moment think of accusing Henry of what he had done, and was at times scarcely conscious of the position in which she stood. Hers was a disposition the very reverse of Eleanor's; she seemed like a lovely landscape, over which sunshine and cloud alike career without injuring its beauty. Eleanor, on the other hand, resembled a jagged and mountainous country, breaking the light of heaven in a thousand ways — whole masses sleeping in shadow, and possessing many an unsunited depth which the eye of man could with difficulty fathom. Rosamond would have been content if her life had glided away like a gentle

river, that rolls along through its own native banks, happy in the music which it throws out from its own bosom, and delighting in the few trees and flowers that are mirrored in its own calm surface. Eleanor was like the sounding sea, ever bearing a wild tumult upon its own bosom, never at rest within itself, and but rolling towards the shore in search of deeper caverns, or waging war with every jutting headland, and trying its strength against every opposing rock. No wonder then, if Henry, after the toils of state, preferred the smooth campaign to the 'hill of storms,'—that he chose rather to glide along the smooth river of peace, than subject himself to the constant buffettings of a rough sea, where every moment his attention was called to the breakers a-head, or the hidden quicksands which were so constantly shifting. He was one of those who mingled enough amongst daring and valorous spirits in the field, without troubling their presence constantly around his pillow; who, however much he loved to hear the war-banner rustle and shake its folds above the stormy camp, would choose the flag of peace to droop over his hearth; and who, although mated with the eagle, loved to rest an hour beside the timorous dove; to forget the thunder-cloud which he had pierced, and the giddy regions into which his ambition had prompted him to soar."

A picture of the times gives us, *inter alia*, the following traits:—

Fighting and feasting followed each other so naturally in these barbarous ages, that it almost appeared as if they won a victory merely to shew after-kindness to the conquered. Numerous are the instances on record of those who were opposed hand to hand in the morning, sitting down by the same festal board at night. Nor did King Henry ever push his revenge to the extent of his power on those who had so stoutly held out their castles against him; but having once conquered them, he endeavoured, by courtesy and fair promises, to retain them as friends. It was his policy also to extend the greatest favours to those who had shewn the most resistance in defending their possessions, rightly judging that such brave warriors were dangerous enemies, and, in that restless age, the friends to be most valued. Acting upon this politic principle, he had prepared a large feast at the palace at Woodstock, and invited the chief knights amongst the prisoners, to share it, together with the different nobles who were leaders of his armed forces, taking care, however, that the numbers of the latter should at least double those of the conquered. Great preparations were of course made for the occasion; the Thames was dragged with nets to furnish its share to the feast; steers and sheep were slaughtered; and many a buck, that had carried his antlers stately enough the day before, fell beneath the shafts of the foresters. The huge hall of the palace was strewn afresh with green rushes; the ponderous oaken tables were removed from almost every other apartment, and brought thither to accommodate the guests. Seats also, each formed of a solid oaken plank, and supported by tressels of the same material, were ranged on each side the tables, and covered with haubergattain, a kind of coarse cloth of mixed colours, for the tables were not so much as smoothed by the plane. The walls of the immense hall were decorated with arms and armour, and sylvan trophies mingled with banners, and lances placed cross-wise over hauberk and helm, and many a shield that bore the dint of former frayrs. On the doors, and by the upper table, which was

set apart for the chosen guests, stood a rich canopy, emblazoned with the arms of England, two lions blazing in gold; this was set apart for the king. Drinking-vessels of silver and gold also glittered upon every table; yet, amid all this barbaric splendour, there were not those real comforts which the meanest cottager now possesses. The huge loaves of bread were neither half kneaded nor half baked, and bitter as aloes with the dregs of beer with which they were mixed; and also heavy as lead, and not freed from a tenth portion of the bran. Even some of the wine was so thick and full of dregs, that the barons were compelled to filter it between their teeth, and spit out the thick sediment upon the floor. Their repasts seemed to resemble their armour—heavy, showy, and cumbrous; but possessing little or no comfort. Henry entered the hall from a private door, followed by Glanvil, the great law-giver of the age, and Thomas à Becket: the chancellor was seated on the right of the monarch, and the judge on the left. At the sounding of trumpets, the guests took their seats; those at the upper end of the table placing themselves according to their rank, which each one seemed perfectly to understand; those at the lower tables took their places as chance offered, or seated themselves beside their companions in arms. Although there seemed more of chance than order in this arrangement; yet, by some nice stroke of art, it was so contrived that one or other of King Henry's trusty followers sat between the knights they had so recently conquered. The dishes were handed from guest to guest by the attendants, each carving off that which suited his taste. Many a dagger which dealt the death-blow the day before at the siege, was now making deep inroads into boars' heads, barons of beef, and haunches of venison, which they placed upon their wooden trenchers, and having cut it into such mouthfuls as would choke any modern gormandizer, they helped themselves with their fingers; for forks were unknown, and therefore never wanted. A few rather delicate dishes there were at the upper table, where the king was seated; but even these were spoilt to preserve a show; peacocks half roasted, that the beauty of their trains might be uninjured; and cranes served up with their heads and necks raw, and so propped up that they looked murderous on their devourers, and seemed ready to leap off the dishes. Even the boars' heads grinned hideously, and shewed their horrid tusks and deadly eyes (which were thrust into their heads again after they were dressed), as if they were ready to rend every knight who brandished his dagger over them. Wines there were in abundance; but many of these were spiced, and retained none of their natural flavour; even those that were drunk in their original state, were drawn from massy hogsheads with a spigot and faucet, much after the manner that an English peasant, in the present day, draws his home-brewed and muddy beer. Hippocras, pigment, morat, and mead, were served up in large vessels, into which each guest plunged his cup as he pleased. Ale and cider were also plentiful, and stood in large open tubs along the sides of the hall. More than one attendant, when a chance offered, knelt down and drank his fill out of these huge wooden vessels; for King Henry was not so plentifully supplied with drinking-cups, but that two or three knights were compelled to drink from the same vessel. One knight at the lower end of the table, who had thrice called on an attendant to bring a drinking-cup, was at last told that there was not one but what was in use, filled his hel-

met from a huge vessel that contained mead, and having drank himself, gave it to his comrade. Although many of the huge joints were not half cooked, yet there were no squeamish stomachs, but what could each bear their two pounds of solid flesh; for, as Peter of Blois says (and he fed many a time at Henry's court), 'their stomachs, by the help of powerful exercise, got rid of every thing.' But the whole scene was in keeping with the characters there assembled. The high-pillared and vaulted hall, with its richly painted windows, comported well with the broad-breasted, deep-voiced, and mail-covered guests, that sat beside the massive tables. Even the ponderous drinking-cups, which they from time to time uplifted to their lips, seemed only made for such strong steel-covered arms to praise. And when they reached over the table to converse with each other, between the huge mountains of meat, the beholder felt assured that the men who fed on such pastures could fight. Nay, some there were talking apart on the late blows they had dealt, who pointed with their daggers to the immense joints, running lines with the point, and saying, 'An thus were his gorget, thus I brought my battle-axe, as it were, on this point of the haunch, striking his neck as I now separate this joint.' Or, pointing to a round of beef, into which another would stick his dagger, saying, 'So came the point of my lance, cleaving the fastenings of his acteon through; and I hold it a good stroke, if the head of the lance can enter a-slant in this wise,' again mangling the joint, to shew how he had dealt his blows on the enemy. But deem not that all who met there were alike unfeeling; some there were who conversed together in low voices, and talked over the virtues of those who had fallen in the fight. How nobly they had dealt with the foes they had in their day struck down; how their shields had interposed between their companions, when the death-blow had all but fallen. How they had sheltered their enemies in the late wars, setting at nought the menaces of either Stephen or Matilda, when weighed beside their own honour. How beautiful maidens (whose names have been for ages forgotten) sought out their lovers from amid the slain—how some wept, and others shed not a tear, but buried themselves in the solitudes of their ancient castles, and died broken-hearted. But all are now gone; the mourned and the mourners are forgotten; even the gray and the weather-beaten turrets of their castles have long ago mouldered to dust. Those with whom they fought, and those whom they loved, and wept over, have not left even their ashes upon the earth. Nearly a thousand harvests have been gathered over their graves. Summer and winter, day and night, storm and sunshine, have gathered over and passed away, from their silent beds; and we cannot now point out the spot where they sleep; for even cities have sprung up over the solitudes where they fought, fell, and were interred! A few of their names, worm-eaten and mouldered, are all that we have left to tell that they once lived, that they possessed lands and dwellings in spots which even the scholar is now puzzled to discover,—that they married—and time has even erased the fair name of her they loved; a worm has eaten out what we shall never again discover."

A trial before Glanvil, referring to the "Domesday Book," is another capital bit of manners, and we regret we can only refer to it; as indeed we must now be content to close this too-brief notice of a very masterly production, reminding us often of Scott but with

features peculiar to the author himself, and to that bent of mind and fancy which has made his writings of another description so deservedly favourites with the public. One or two epithets sound rather harshly to our refined age; but *Fair Rosamond* is altogether so fair that they are scarcely specks even for hyper-criticism to note.

The Court of King James the First. By Dr. Godfrey Goodman, Bishop of Gloucester. To which are added, Letters illustrative of the Personal History of the most Distinguished Characters, &c. &c. Edited, from original MSS., by John S. Brewer, M.A. of Queen's College, Oxford. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1839. Bentley.

HAVING disposed of Mr. Tytler's publication illustrative of a preceding period, we now turn to Bishop Goodman's MSS. from the Bodleian Collection, which also throw a historical light upon an after-reign of much importance in the annals of our island, and respecting which so much has been said and written.

On the memoir of this chronicler of events and hoarder of correspondence, contained in the first of these volumes, we are not, we confess, disposed to place unqualified reliance. Our deference is shaken by the evident looseness of his religious principles, which, in those days of extreme latitudinarianism, was too much calculated to give a tinge to his personal and political opinions. To change their faith, retract, recant, and change again, were the habits of the rainbow flitters through that age in which Dr. Goodman was made a Protestant bishop (A.D. 1625); and, for aught we can gather from his sentiments, the see of Gloucester would have been quite as agreeable to him under a Romish sovereign and the pope, and under King James as the head of the church. In other respects, he seems to have been a civil, quiet, well-spoken prelate, liberal, charitable, and content to pass through life in an easy and comfortable manner; neither the most acute nor the best informed of men or of bishops, and, therefore, in his testimony to be received merely as a contemporary witness, with opportunities for acquiring a knowledge of certain things, and no disposition to falsify or misrepresent them. Let us, therefore, hear what he states of the king:—

“ Sir Roger Aston, whom I had cause to know, was a very honest, plain-dealing man, no dissembler, neither did he any ill office to any man. Let me also say so much for my old master King James, now with God: no man living did ever love an honest man more than he did. This I ascribe not only to his own goodness (for as yet I never knew any man who had so great an understanding, and so great an affection, and such a violent passion of love as he had), but likewise to the lamentable experience of those factious times in Scotland, which continued all his youth, insomuch that no man durst scarce be in a low room in his own house by night for fear of pistolings; and, therefore, no marvel if the king made much of them whom he found entirely honest.”

If such were the condition of the king whilst he lived among his fierce and turbulent nobles in Scotland, what must have been the deplorable situation of his unfortunate mother? History has never, we think, made sufficient excuses for her errors with reference to this point. A lamb in the midst of tigers and lions is hardly more to be pitied and commiserated than poor Mary, in the midst of her wild and fanatical subject-controllers.

The death of Raleigh furnishes a fair example of Goodman's work:—

“ That Raleigh should long after be executed for that treason, surely there the king did but follow the advice and counsel of his lawyers: for if he had given him his pardon, yet his offence then committed had deserved death, for him without any commission from the king to seize upon the Spaniard's town where many lost their lives; there being at that time a peace between England and Spain. The king could do no less in honour and justice than either deliver him up to the Spaniard, or else, seeing blood requireth blood, and that so many had been slain in the action, and every one of them their lives as precious in the sight of God as was Sir Walter Raleigh's, surely it was necessary that his blood should pay for it. So to appease the wrath of God, and to preserve the peace and amity with Spain, the breach whereof might have cost much more blood than the life of one man could be estimated at, and the judges being consulted withal, they gave this resolution, that matter of treason was such that it could no way be satisfied or wiped off but by a pardon under the great seal, which Sir Walter Raleigh not having, he might be put to death for his former offence. And so, to save further trouble for his trial, for that an offence committed in the West Indies, whether it were triable in the King's Bench, or rather in the Court of Admiralty, many questions might be made, and, to save all that trouble, he was called to the King's Bench, and there was demanded what he could say for himself, why the former sentence of death should not be put in execution: and he could allege no sufficient reason to the contrary. And so for the form of his trial there, the judges are to be charged with it, and not the king. No man doth honour the memory of Sir Walter Raleigh and his excellent parts more than myself; and in token thereof I know where his skull is kept to this day, and I have kissed it.”

Another criminal cause has some curious matter:—

“ After the great armada in '98, then O'Rourke, an Irishman, suffered: he was arraigned at the King's Bench, and I was then present. This man had very great possessions in Ireland, and what is proper to some dispositions, they will never learn but one language, so this man did not so much as learn English. The like example we have of the emperor's brother, who, under the King of Spain, was viceroy of Portugal, in the year 1615 as I take it; he would never speak any language but Dutch, and if he had not been taught that in his infancy, and that there was a necessity he should speak some language that he might call for meat and drink, and such things as he wanted, certainly he would have taken no pains to learn that language. This O'Rourke, as it is said, built a house which, as they say, he called a defiance to the English; he did once use the queen's picture very contemptibly; when the Spanish Armada was defeated in '98, some of them being cast upon the shore, it should seem that he in pity and compassion did relieve them: this the deputy took as a capital offence, whereupon warrants were sent to apprehend him; he having notice thereof, fled into Scotland; the King of Scots apprehended him and sent him to the queen, and so he was arraigned and executed. His son recovered some part of the land, he did allege for himself that Sir Richard Bingham would acquit him. His grandchild was lately a prisoner in the Tower, who living riotously, I think he died there in a poor condition.”

The reasons for acquiring the use of at least one language are droll enough; but we proceed to graver matters, and instance the fall of the favourite Somerset:—

“ The true fall of Somerset was this,—that love and affection, though they are the strongest passions for the instant, yet they are not of longest continuance, for they are not grounded in judgment, but are rather fancies which follow the eye; and as beauty itself doth decay, so love and affection abate. Take the wisest man; he loves his own children better when they are young than when they are old: so in the best things there is a glut, a surfeit, and a satiety; men are as mean of their pleasures as they are of their labours, and the chief delight which man hath is in change and variety. A man be glutted with one favourite, as he is feeding upon one food, though it be manna; therefore to have choice of dishes best pleaseth the palate: so truly I think the king was weary of an old favourite.”

The correspondence contained in the second volume is by far the most valuable portion of this work; and is not only delightful for its glimpses at truths and traits of personalities, but important as corrective of national history. We shall make a few miscellaneous selections, to exhibit these points:—

The torture of Guy Faux is mentioned with that want of feeling which the frequency of such horrors induced, in a letter from Sir E. Hobart to Sir T. Edmonds, our ambassador at Brussels, in which are other remarkable particulars respecting the gunpowder plot.

“ When Johnson was brought to the king's presence, the king asked him how he could conspire so hideous a treason against his children, and so many innocent souls, which never offended him? He answered that it was true; but a dangerous disease required a desperate remedy. He told some of the Scots that his intent was to have blown them back again into Scotland. We say that Sir Anthony Shirley hath been with the emperor, and is at this time employed by him into Spain; and there is further news, that his brother, Robert Shirley, hath been the chief instrument for the Persian to overthrow fourscore thousand Turks. Since Johnson's being in the Tower he beginneth to speak English; and yet he was never upon the rack, but only by his arms upright.

* * * Sir Walter Raleigh is much suspected to be privy to this action; for White-
locke had had private conference late with him. The prisoner's right name is held not to be Johnson, but Faux. He hath further confessed, that there be many gentlemen, which at this time serve the archduke, that have been made privy, that they should be prepared for that day for an insurrection; and that he verily thinketh they will come shortly over by degrees.”

The king's position in England appears in some instances to have been little mended from his Scottish perplexities. The cabals against Buckingham, when in Spain, led to the following from Sir Toby Matthews:—

“ My Lord,—I have written to your lordship, this very day, more at large of some things which I conceive to import your lordship's service; but I have humbly prayed my lady marquis that she will be pleased to inclose that letter of mine in a cover of hers. This is chiefly to serve but for a conveyance to this inclosed, from your most worthy mother, who hath required me to send it to your lordship's hands. I forgot in my other to tell your lordship that, howsoever his majesty hath distinctly professed that he would grant no suits

till your lordship came home,—and certainly his majesty's direct intention was such, as knowing that he should be most truly informed by you both of persons and things,—yet I assure your lordship that by opportunity men are growing to do their business daily. The king is much disgusted with it, but knows not how to help it; and I am told that he said to somebody the other day: ‘ You will never let me alone. I would to God you had, first, my doublet, and then my shirt; and when I were naked, I think you would give me leave to be quiet.’ ”

The duke's munificent patronage of the fine arts is shown by letters from Balthasar Gerbier, his agent, in the purchase of the best works that could be found on the Continent; which letters, by the by, also distinctly prove that Buckingham broke off the Spanish and formed the French match. We will conclude with quoting a few passages on the former subject:—

“ I mentioned, in my former letter by Sir James Arthur Long, the large and rare paintings in possession of a person called President Chevallier, who has also some antique heads in marble and in bronze, the whole neither to be sold nor to be given away without some scheme; but I have sworn to myself, as I did about the prelate of Venice, that we must have them, or I lack invention, for as they are the ornament of a handsome house in France, they must be jewels at York House. These paintings and these heads, five thousand pounds sterling in tapestry, rich with gold and silver and silk, and made after a pattern by Raphael, and one hundred and fifty thousand francs in cash, which make fifteen thousand pounds sterling, are within the centre and circumference of this business; I fear the long recital of it will make your excellency as weary as I am vexed at the sea, that prevents my seeing your blessed countenance. This is the matter. The very day that I had given my last letter to S. James Arthur Long, a stranger came to see me, who had heard that I was in the employ of the Duke of Buckingham, and who, as I very well remarked, had taken notice of the pictures which I had been looking for; he addressed me in these words: ‘ The marriage concluded, people were now only anxious for the arrival of the Duke of Buckingham, whose virtue and popularity, in a time so extraordinary, could not fail of acquiring for him the power of doing any good service to whom he would; that if it were the will and favour of the duke to shew it to one who cast the anchor of his hopes upon his arrival, that not only he would present him with all the pictures which I had seen, but also 50,000 francs' worth of Raphael tapestry, and a present of 150,000 francs besides.’ * * * * *

“ I think I remark that the president, who has the pictures, has an interest in the business, for he was very complaisant one day when I went to see him, and said to me laughing, ‘ No, no, sir, they are not to be sold at all;’ and I replied only with the word ‘ But,’ without saying any thing more. And I am well convinced, that the man who spoke with me looked that way, and I suspect will not say his name, nor the name of him who employs him, until they know your will; then they will discover themselves. There are many things to say that cannot be expressed in writing, for fear of wearying your patience too much. If it please your excellency to speak in this business, these pictures will come into our hands with all the rest. The tapestries are on the road from Antwerp to Paris; and, for

the other sum, they promise, as I have said, fifteen thousand pounds sterling. I think, my lord, that coming for a week out of the journey undertaken will not retard business; for, now the marriage is accomplished, friendship has its turn, as your excellency knows. At Rome there will be more opportunity and means of having something, and thither I shall hurry post with all speed as soon as I receive your excellency's answer about this business. If your excellency undertakes this affair, I will leave my address at Paris, and will, as becomes me, advise your excellency of every thing. However I will not do as John Tredescant, who asks pardon at the beginning; for as your excellency well replied to him at Newhall, that, for him who has an evil purpose to offend, asking pardon first is not enough: but at the end, on my knees, my lord, I ask pardon, if my ignorant zeal has made me slip into any fault. During the time I have been in Paris, I have not passed one hour without searching after some rarity; and I should have stayed there but four days, had it not been, as I thought, very necessary that I should find out all that there is in Paris; and I never could have thought that they had so many rare things in France, all which are to come into your hands at your happy arrival. I beg your excellency yet to read the other sheet, and you will there see three rare pictures of Michael Angelo Raphael. It is, my lord, because since my last I have found at the house of the bishop of Paris three of the most rare pictures that can be. The first is a St. Francis, a good-sized painting, from the hand of the Cavalier Ballion, as good as Michael Angelo Carazago; and the other a picture of our Lady by Raphael, which is repainted by some devil who I trust was hanged; but still it is so lovely, and the drawing is so fine, that it is worth a thousand crowns. There is another picture of Michael Angelo Bonarotta; but that should be seen kneeling, for it is a Crucifixion, with the Virgin and St. John,—the most divine thing in the world. I have been such an idolater as to kiss it three times, for there is nothing that can be more perfect. It is a miniature. I have a hundred thousand things to say, but I offend too much in trespassing so long upon your patience. I have met with a most beautiful piece of Tintoret, of a Danae, a naked figure the most beautiful, that daint as cold as ice might fall in love with it. I have given twenty crowns in hand; it costs, with another head of Titian, sixty pounds sterling. I have given also twenty crowns in hand for the Gorgon's head; it costs two hundred crowns. I have not yet paid for them, because I was not willing to draw bills until I knew how much I should employ at Paris, which I shall know when I leave. But, my lord, after your excellency shall have made a large collection, I beg of you to attack Mons' de Montmorency, for he has the most beautiful statues that can be spoken of; that is to say, Two Slaves by Michael Angelo, and some others. He is so liberal that he will not refuse them. I beg of you to mention it to Mons' de Flat, for perhaps he has some friends about him. I hope that your excellency will carry away fine things from France, particularly the sweet lady, of whom the ambassadors command me to say to your excellency, that she esteems herself as happy as if she were to have the monarch of all kings; and she was so transported with joy that she would not speak coyly, but she was forced to confess before all the world, that since it was true that my lord the prince was a prince in all points, so accomplished, and so perfect, and ex-

pert, she had two-fold reason to love and honour him: adding this parenthesis (that if Nature had not been so favourable to him as to give him a good figure, that nevertheless it was necessary she should have him for reasons of state); but since he was so accomplished, her happiness was complete. I hope also, my lord, that your hopes will be accomplished in spite of the Spanish factions, that may now well go to the Château de Crevecoeur. The picture of the Secretary of Titian I send by the bearer, to be delivered at York House to my father-in-law, who will put it in a frame. It is a jewel.”

State affairs of the highest importance, the purchase of the finest productions of art, and a little to do with one of the choice productions of nature, must have given M. Gerbier plenty to do. His own letter is indeed a curious picture of the times. A short time after, he thus addresses his patron:—

“ Sometimes when I am contemplating the treasure of rarities which your excellency has in so short a time amassed, I cannot but feel astonishment in the midst of my joy. For out of all the amateurs, and princes, and kings, there is not one who has collected in forty years as many pictures as your excellency has collected in five. Let enemies and people ignorant of paintings say what they will, they cannot deny that pictures are noble ornaments, a delightful amusement, and histories that one may read without fatigue, which neither eat beef, nor drink greedily, nor feed on oats (as this horse that Mr. Graymes has given me will do, and for which therefore I take the liberty of begging your excellency that I may have an allowance of oats). Our pictures, if they were to be sold a century after our death, would sell for good cash, and for three times more than they have cost. I wish I could only live a century, if they were sold, in order to be able to laugh at those facetious folk who say, ‘ It is monny cast away for bobs and schadows.’ I know they will be pictures still, when those ignorants will be lesser than schadows. So much for them! But for Mons. Douet, who like the cat is set to guard the milk, he is a nice man, only he is a joker; and one picture of Raphael's is a trifle, a treasure which the kings, his ancestors, always kept as a holy relic: but I am not content with that, more must be had; this is a good beginning for others.”

We have only to notice, in addition, that portraits of Queen Elizabeth, Count Gondomar, James, and Villiers, embellish these volumes; which well merit a place in every historical library.

Stories of Torres Vedras. By the Author of “Adventures of an Irish Gentleman.” 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1839. Bentley.

Few persons have enjoyed better opportunities for observation, and few have the power to describe what they have observed in a more agreeable and lively manner, than Dr. Millingen, the author of these *Stories*, whose popularity in various kinds of writing has kept pace with his productions in fiction, the drama, and medical curiosities. The volumes now issued will, we think, meet with an equally favourable reception; for they are very various, well contrived and wrought up where invention is called in, and full of anecdote where real illustrations are introduced. The first volume, after a sensible preface, contains six stories, in which military characters and peninsular events figure in an amusing or interesting manner—the memoir of Major Rumford being particularly piquant.

The second has four narratives of similar merit, and from one of which, "the French Colonel," we select the following:—

"I recollect, when last in Paris, a certain noble marshal, was shewing some valuable paintings that he had seized upon in Spain, but which he however had the decency to say he had purchased. One of them, a valuable Murillo, struck the eye of a connoisseur, who observed that the marshal must have given a very high price for it. 'Pardon me, sir,' he replied; 'it is the cheapest in my gallery—for it only cost me two Capuchin friars.' This reply required some explanation; it was as follows: 'When I was stationed at B——, I admired this painting, placed in the sacristy of the convent church. It was in vain that I sought to purchase it from the monks; a holy tradition was connected with its history; and neither bribe nor threats could enable me to become the possessor of this *chef-d'œuvre*. However, my corps marched; guerillas, as usual, hovered around me; some prisoners were made, amongst them two monks of B——. They were, of course, tried as spies, and condemned to immediate death. I then thought of the picture, and felt compassion for these unfortunate miscreants. So I instantly despatched message to the general of the order, informing him that my two holy prisoners under sentence of hanging, were at his disposal, in exchange for Murillo's production. The following day the painting was mine, and the two Capuchins chanted *Te Deum* in their church.' Can the irregularities of the soldier be restrained with such scenes before their eyes?"

The last volume concludes a tale begun in the second, and adds five other separate pieces; from two of which, entitled "Maurice Quill," and "Marauding," we shall copy the few extracts our limits permit us to offer from these pages.

Maurice Quill was an eccentric Irish assistant surgeon:—

"On his joining the army in Portugal, he remained some time at the dépôt of Belém. There his eccentricities brought him into great popularity. But popularity may become irksome, and so Quill found it. The youngsters of the army would crowd round him, and, to use his own expression, 'bored him like a cullender.' To get rid of them was not so easy, but he hit upon an ingenious plan. Most of these young officers were from the Irish militia, having joined with volunteers. One day, after dinner, Maurice informed them that he also had been in the militia, but he couldn't stand their impertinence, as they had actually turned him out of the regiment. The cause of this expulsion was naturally called for, when Quill told them it was 'Nothing at all at all—only some spoons and forks were missing. One of the waiters swore that he had seen me slip them in my pocket. My barrack-room was searched; and sure enough some spalpeen or other had managed to introduce the plate into my kit!' Our young heroes, of course, felt ashamed of associating with a man turned out of a corps for theft, and invariably 'cut him dead,' expressing their surprise when they afterwards met him walking with superior officers, whom they presumed 'were not aware of what he was.' * * *

"A most amusing circumstance occurred when the second division crossed the bridge of Alcantara, when Quill, although a mere assistant-surgeon, halted the whole column. An arch of this splendid Roman fabric, constructed by Trajan, had been previously blown up by

the Lusitanian legion; and when our troops had to recross the Tagus, a rope bridge was thrown over the breach, of sufficient strength to bear the infantry, but not secure for horses and baggage animals, that were therefore ordered to ford the river. The current was strong; Maurice's baggage was borne by a little donkey, and over his baggage, which was in general very scanty, was a new bridle and saddle. The poor ass, weak and tottering, could not stem the rapid stream, and was gradually losing ground, swept down the river. Quill, on beholding his little all in danger of being carried away, was distracted, and roared out, 'Second division, halt! Pass the word halt! Blood and ounz! my donkey's drowning—with all my kit! and a spick-span new saddle and bridle—murder—murder! will no kind Christian save my *bouro*!* I'm lost and undone—and the saddle's not paid for!—murder!' The ranks were broken—the men on the bridge rushing to the parapet, and shouting as they beheld the poor animal struggling and borne away. The officer in command roared in vain, to fall in, and move forward. The bugles in vain sounded the advance—all was confusion and insubordination, until Maurice's ass had disappeared in its watery grave, when its owner sat down on the bridge, pourng forth the dismal and discordant Irish funeral howl. The interruption to the march had been so amusing, that the anger of the general officer in command soon subsided."

From "Marauding," we copy the following, the lightest examples of the horrors of war:—

"Some men had attained the knack of crowing like cocks, to draw forth a respondent chant from some concealed poultry, knowing that where there was a cock, most probably there were also hens. Nay, a German soldier of the 60th always carried with him a decoy duck, that he could make to 'quack' whenever he thought proper, to ascertain whether any of his feathered tribe might be kept in bondage. Nor were our allies more safe than the peasants; and the principle of exchange being 'no robbery' was fully applied to practice with a Portuguese brigade. The *Vos Merces*, as they were called, had fallen upon a store of hidden brandy; but they had no meat—we supplied them. Our people had fallen upon a herd of swine, which they exchanged for the spirits;—this was the morning after we had carried the heights of Garris. The night had been dark, the ascent steep. At every tree a group of the enemy poured a volley upon the assailants with such a compact fire, that many of our officers and men were wounded by several balls. Thus fell poor Fearon, and Clithero. But despite the darkness, and the unseen foe, who could only be perceived as they retired before us, by the flashing of their pieces, the hill was carried by Byng's brigade, led on by their brave commander, and the face of the mountain was strewed with the enemy's dead. What was our surprise at daybreak, when proceeding to bury the slain, we perceived that out of those who had been in good condition, large slices of flesh had been cut off with as much dexterity as a London butcher could have cut out steaks. Here was the herd of swine on which our rogues had stumbled! and they were swilling the Portuguese brandy, while our worthy allies were cooking a *caldo* of Frenchmen in exchange. All might have gone on smoothly, had not some bungling journeyman butcher left a piece of integument hanging to a steak. The discovery was awful. The Portuguese

rushed in crowds to their officers, displaying this sample of barbarity. They had also seen the mangled Frenchmen. Their shouts and execrations were loud and furious. Those who had eaten the soup endeavoured to disgorge it, with horrible faces and convulsive throes; while others, more fortunate, upset the camp kettles, and cast away their contents, with deep imprecations on all our heads, our fathers and our mothers. The inquiries set on foot to discover the offenders were idle. No one 'peached,' although the corps that had committed the disgusting act was well known. For weeks the Portuguese cursed us as they marched past our battalions, while, in reply, our fellows roared out, 'I say, *Vos-meses*, how are you off for *carne de porco*?'" * * *

"One of our drunken chaplains invariably called himself a bishop; and whenever he arrived at a bishoprick, or a town with a wealthy monastery, he was quartered in the episcopal palace or the convent, where, of course, despite his heresy, courtesy commanded an ample fare."

Historical Sketches of Statesmen who flourished in the time of George III. To which is added, Remarks on Party, and an Appendix. First Series. By Lord Brougham, F.R.S., &c. 8vo. Pp. 404. London, Knight. A CONSIDERABLE portion of this volume has already appeared in the "Edinburgh Review," and elsewhere, as we are informed by the following note:—

"Several of the Sketches contained in this volume have already appeared in print, but as parts scattered throughout other and much larger works. But great additions have been here made to some of them: as George III.; Lord Chatham; Mr. Perceval; Mr. Canning; Mr. Windham; while the following are entirely new: Lords North; Mansfield; Thurlow; Loughborough; Lord Chief Justice Gibbs; Sir Wm. Grant; Franklin; Joseph II.; Catherine II.; Gustavus III.; and the Remarks on Party."

This fact would abridge our Review of the book, even were it not further excluded from our plan by its political character. Admiring, and even wondering at, as we do, the marvellous talent and irresistible energy of the noble author, we are not sure that we feel him to be the guide to whom we would pin our faith in the estimate of his contemporaries. He has too closely engaged for and against many of these individuals to be able to divest his mind of prejudices in regard to them. The person with whom he has agreed in discussion he must be apt to think right; the man with whom he has fought the tough battle of debate he must be equally apt to deem in error. It is not in the power of the most vigorous intellect to clear itself of such partialities; and Lord Brougham has occupied so many arduous positions in the turmoil of the period, that there is scarcely an event in which he has not taken a prominent part, so as to be deeply imbued with the prepossessions to which we have alluded.

The memoirs are of George III., Lord Chatham, Lord North, Lord Loughborough, Lord Thurlow, Lord Mansfield, Lord Chief Justice Gibbs, Sir W. Grant, Mr. Burke, Mr. Fox, Mr. Pitt, Mr. Sheridan, Mr. Windham, Mr. Dundas, Mr. Erskine, Mr. Perceval, Lord Grenville, Mr. Grattan, Mr. Wilberforce, Mr. Canning, Sir S. Romilly, and some foreign rulers; with engraved portraits, which add much to the interest of the work.

In the life of Mr. Windham a passage has struck us forcibly. Lord Brougham observes:

* "Portuguese for an ass."

"When untrammelled by official connexion, and having his lips sealed by no decorum, or prudence, or other observance prescribed by station, it was a brave sight to see this gallant personage descend into the field of debate, panting for the fray, eager to confront any man or any number of men that might prove his match, scorning all the little suggestions of a paltry discretion, heedless of every risk of retoit to which he might expose himself, as regardless of popular applause as of court favour,—nay, from his natural love of danger and disdain of every thing like fear, rushing into the most offensive expression of the most unpopular opinions with as much alacrity as he evinced in braving the power and daring the enmity of the crown."

When we apply this sentence to the present hour, how strange does the constitutional difference appear, merely from the crown having descended on a youthful female head! Who is afraid now of the enmity of the crown? or runs a risk in braving its power! There is surely a poise wanting to what we have had before; and the nation appears to be balanced between two parties, instead of being governed by a limited monarchy and two estates. The affairs of the last ten days afford a remarkable proof, however, of a force still inherent in the throne.

In another place, we find the noble author has been led into a historical mistake, though he was himself almost on the spot; and this shews how little we can really depend upon many similar statements. Mentioning the death of Mr. Perceval, his lordship says:—

"On the 11th of May, Mr. Perceval had been later than the appointed time; and, after complaining of this delay, Mr. Brougham, at a quarter before five, had called his first witness, and was examining him, when a messenger deputed to bring the minister met him walking towards the house with Mr. Stephen, arm-in-arm. He instantly, with his accustomed activity, darted forward to obey the summons, but for which Mr. Stephen, who happened to be on his left side, would have been the victim of the assassin's blow, which prostrated Mr. Perceval as he entered the lobby."

We will venture to assert of our own knowledge, that so far from this being the case, Mr. Stephen was not even present at the assassination of his friend.

In order to make some amends for our enforced brevity on the main body of this work, we have pleasure in adding the following very interesting letter, which is from the youngest and only surviving daughter of Lord North, and of a very interesting value:—

"My dear Lord Brougham,—You mentioned to me the other night, your intention of writing the character of my father, to be placed among some other characters of the statesmen of the last century, that you are preparing for the press, and at the same time stated the difficulty of describing a man of whom you had had no personal knowledge. This conversation has induced me to cast back my mind to the days of my childhood and early youth, that I may give you such impressions of my father's private life as those recollections will afford. Lord North was born in April 1733; he was educated at Eton school, and then at Trinity College, Oxford; and he completed his academic studies with the reputation of being a very accomplished and elegant classical scholar. He then passed three years upon the Continent, residing successively in Germany, Italy, and France, and acquiring the languages of those countries, particularly of the last. He spoke French with great fluency and correctness; this acquirement, together with the observa-

tions he had made upon the men and manners of the countries he had visited, gave him what Madame de Staél called *l'Esprit Européen*, and enabled him to be as agreeable a man in Paris, Naples, and Vienna, as he was in London. Among the lighter accomplishments he acquired upon the Continent, was that of dancing; I have been told that he danced the most graceful minut of any young man of his day; this I must own surprised me, who remember him only with a corpulent heavy figure, the movements of which were rendered more awkward and were impeded by his extreme near-sightedness before he became totally blind. In his youth, however, his figure was slight and slim; his face was always plain, but agreeable, owing to its habitual expression of cheerfulness and good humour; though it gave no indication of the brightness of his understanding. Soon after his return to England, at the age of twenty-three, he was married to Miss Speck, of Whitelackington Park, Somersetshire, a girl of sixteen: she was plain in her person, but had excellent good sense; and was blessed with singular mildness and placidity of temper. She was also not deficient in humour, and her conversational powers were by no means contemptible; but she, like the rest of the world, delighted in her husband's conversation, and being by nature shy and indolent, was contented to be a happy listener during his life, and after his death her spirits were too much broken down for her to care what she was. Whether they had been in love with each other when they married I don't know, but I am sure there never was a more happy union than theirs during the thirty-six years that it lasted. I never saw an unkind look, or heard an unkind word, pass between them; his affectionate attachment to her was as unabated, as her love and admiration of him. Lord North came into office first, as one of the lords of the Treasury, I believe, about the year 1763; and in 1765 he was appointed as one of the joint paymasters.* In 1769 he became chancellor of the exchequer, and some years after first lord of the treasury. He never would allow us to call him prime minister, saying, there was no such thing in the British constitution. He continued in office thirteen years; during the three last he was most anxious to retire, but he suffered himself to be overcome by the earnest entreaties of George the Third that he should remain. At length, the declining majorities in the House of Commons made it evident that there must be a change of ministry, and the king was obliged reluctantly to receive his resignation. This was a great relief to his mind; for although I do not believe that my father ever entertained any doubt as to the justice of the American war, yet I am sure that he wished to have made peace three years before its termination. I perfectly recollect the satisfaction expressed by my mother and my elder sisters upon this occasion, and my own astonishment at it; being at that time a girl of eleven years old, and hearing in the nursery the lamentations of the women about

* "An anecdote is related of his paymasterhip which will paint, though in homely colours, his habitual good humour. He was somewhat disappointed at finding he had no colleague to dine with him in the large office, which was then chiefly priz'd for its large antiquaries. The day he took possession of his official house, a dog had dirtied the hall, and Lord North, ringing for the servant, told him to be sure, in clearing the nastiness away, that he took half of it to his colleague, as it was a perquisite of the joint office.—EDITOR."

thing, and that all the family were crazy to rejoice at it! It is hardly necessary to say that Lord North was perfectly clean-handed and pure in money matters, and that he left office a poorer man than when he came into it. His father being still living at that time, his income would have scantily provided for the education and maintenance of his six children, and for the support of his habitual, though unostentatious hospitality; but the office of lord-warden of the Cinque Ports becoming vacant, the king conferred it upon him. His circumstances, by this means, became adequate to his wishes, as he had no expensive tastes, or love of splendour; but he was thoroughly liberal, and had great enjoyment in social intercourse, which even in those days was not to be had without expense. Lord North did not long continue out of office, the much-criticised coalition taking place the year following, 1783. The proverb says, 'Necessity acquaints us with strange bedfellows': it is no less true, that like of a third party reconciles adversaries. My eldest brother was a Whig by nature, and an enthusiastic admirer of Mr. Fox; he, together with Mr. Adam, and Mr. Eden (afterwards Lord Auckland), were, I believe, the chief promoters of the coalition. My mother, I remember, was averse to it; not that she troubled her head with being a Tory or a Whig, but she feared it would compromise her husband's political consistency. I do not pretend to give any opinion upon this subject, having been too young at the time to form any; and since I grew up, I have always been too decided a Whig myself to be a fair judge. This ministry, in which Mr. Fox was at the head of the foreign, Lord North of the home-office, and the Duke of Portland of the treasury, lasted but a few months: in 1784, Mr. Pitt began his long administration. My father, after he was out of office, attended parliament, and sometimes spoke and voted, independent of the opinions of his new allies; but this made no difference in the cordiality of their friendship, which remained unimpaired to the end of his life. I will now attempt to give you my impressions of my father's style of conversation and character in private life. His wit was of the most genuine and playful kind; he related (*narrat*) remarkably well, and liked conversing upon literary subjects; yet so completely were all these ingredients mixed and amalgamated by good taste, that you would never have described him as a sayer of *bon-mots*, or a teller of good stories, or as a man of literature, but as a most agreeable member of society and truly delightful companion. His manners were those of a high-bred gentleman, particularly easy and natural; indeed, good breeding was so marked a part of his character, that it would have been affectionation in him to have been otherwise well-bred. With such good taste and good breeding, his raillery could not fail to be of the best sort,—always amusing, and never wounding. He was the least fastidious of men, possessing the happy art of extracting any good that there was to be extracted out of any body. He never would let his children call people *borees*; and I remember the triumphant joy of the family, when, after a tedious visit from a very prosy and empty man, he exclaimed, 'Well, that man is an insufferable bore!' He used frequently to have large parties of foreigners and distinguished persons to dine with him at Bush Park. He was himself the life and soul of those parties. To have seen him then, you would have said that he was there in his true element. Yet I think that he had really more enjoyment when he went into the country

on a Saturday and Sunday, with only his own family, or one or two intimate friends : he then entered into all the jokes and fun of his children, was the companion and intimate friend of his elder sons and daughters, and the merry, entertaining playfellow of his little girl, who was five years younger than any of the others. To his servants he was a most kind and indulgent master : if provoked by stupidity or impertinence, a few hasty, impatient words might escape him ; but I never saw him really out of humour. He had a drunken, stupid groom, who used to provoke him ; and who, from this uncommon circumstance, was called by the children, ‘the man that puts papa in a passion’ ; and I think he continued all his life putting papa in a passion, and being forgiven, for I believe he died in his service. In the year 1787 Lord North’s sight began rapidly to fail him ; and in the course of a few months he became totally blind, in consequence of a palsy on the optic nerve. His nerves had always been very excitable, and it is probable that the anxiety of mind which he suffered during the unsuccessful contest with America, still more than his necessary application to writing, brought on this calamity, which he bore with the most admirable patience and resignation ; nor did it affect his general cheerfulness in society. But the privation of all power of dissipating his mind by outward objects, or of solitary occupation, could not fail to produce at times extreme depression of spirits, especially as the malady proceeded from the disordered state of his nerves. These fits of depression seldom occurred, except during sleepless nights, when my mother used to read to him, until he was amused out of them, or put to sleep. In the evenings, in Grosvenor Square, our house was the resort of the best company that London afforded at that time. Mr. Fox, Mr. Burke, Mr. Sheridan, occasionally ; and Lord Stormont, Lord John Townshend, Mr. Windham, Sir James Erskine, afterwards Lord Rosslyn, his uncle, then Lord Loughborough, habitually frequented our drawing-room : these, with various young men and women, his children’s friends, and whist-playing ladies for my mother, completed the society. My father always liked the company of young people, especially of young women who were sensible and lively ; and we used to accuse him of often rejoicing when his old political friends left his side and were succeeded by some lively young female. Lord North, when he was out of office, had no private secretary ; even after he became blind, his daughters, particularly the two elder, read to him by turns, wrote his letters, led him in his walks, and were his constant companions. In 1792 his health began to decline : he lost his sleep and his appetite ; his legs swelled, and symptoms of dropsy were apparent. At last, after a peculiarly uneasy night, he questioned his friend and physician, Dr. Warren, begging him not to conceal the truth : the result was, that Dr. Warren owned that water had formed upon the chest, that he could not live many days, and that a few hours might put a period to his existence. He received this news not only with firmness and pious resignation, but it in no way altered the serenity and cheerfulness of his manners ; and from that hour, during the remaining ten days of his life, he had no return of depression of spirits. The first step he took, when aware of his immediate danger, was to desire that Mr. John Robinson (commonly known by the name of the Rat-catcher) and Lord Auckland might be sent for ; they being the only two of his political friends whose desertion had hurt and offended him, he wished before his death to shake

hands cordially and forgive them. They attended the summons of course, and the reconciliation was effected. My father had always delighted in hearing his eldest daughter, Lady Glenbervie, read Shakspere, which she did with much understanding and effect. He was desirous of still enjoying this amusement. In the existing circumstances, this task was a hard one ; but strong affection, the best source of woman’s strength, enabled her to go through it. She read to him great part of every day with her usual spirit, though her heart was dying within her. No doubt she was supported by the Almighty in the pious work of solacing the last hours of her almost idolised parent. He also desired to have the French newspapers read to him. At that time they were filled with alarming symptoms of the horrors that shortly after ensued. Upon hearing them he said, ‘I am going, and thankful I am that I shall not witness the anarchy and bloodshed which will soon overwhelm that unhappy country.’ He expired on the 5th of August, 1792. Lord North was a truly pious Christian ; and (although from his political view of the subject) I believe that one of the last speeches he made in parliament was against the repeal of the Test Act, yet his religion was quite free from bigotry or intolerance, and consisted more in the beautiful spirit of Christian benevolence than in outward and formal observances. His character in private life was, I believe, as faultless as that of any human being can be ; and those actions of his public life which appear to have been the most questionable, proceeded, I am entirely convinced, from what one must own was a weakness, though not an unamiable one, and which followed him through his life, the want of power to resist the influence of those he loved. I remain, my dear lord, gratefully and sincerely yours,

CHARLOTTE LINDSAY.
“Green Street, February the 18th, 1839.”

Magnetical Investigations, by the Rev. W. Scoresby, B.D., F.R.S., &c. &c. Part I. 8vo. pp. 92. London, Longman and Co. MAGNETISM, more especially since the discovery of Oersted in 1819, has been, and is, the pursuit of the highest and mightiest minds of all intellectual countries. The source and cause of magnetic influence, the laws of its action, the existence of two or more poles, their motion, the changes in the intensity of the magnetic force, the variations of the dip, and other important inquiries connected with the higher branch of this science, have been followed out to a considerable extent ; valuable information gained, and data determined. Yet still so much uncertainty prevails in the magnetic phenomena of the earth, that the results hitherto attained require to be continually corrected by new observations. Why is this ? The question is more easily asked than answered ; at least, with any degree of certainty. Probably, however, much may be owing to defects in the instruments by which the wonderful phenomena are made manifest to the mind of man. And we are the more strengthened in this opinion, because many magneticians differ even in the method of magnetising a compass needle, and in their use of material for that purpose. Whatever, therefore, tends to remove this defect, by the production of more powerful instruments to determine delicate variations in, and the actual condition of, the earth’s magnetism, always meets with our cordial approbation. Such is the aim of the investigations before us, which have been conducted with evident care, and on a large scale. Whether the practical data are

correct, *practical* magneticians can alone determine ; and to their notice we especially recommend this Part I. of Mr. Scoresby’s work. In the year 1836, at the meeting of the British Association at Bristol, it will be in the recollection, perhaps, of most magneticians (for such we are now more directly addressing), Mr. Scoresby exhibited a new magnetical instrument, with a compound compass, needle, or bar. The principle from which this bar was considered to have its superiority over a single bar of the same weight and magnitude, was, that several thin bars of tempered steel (tempered throughout the mass) had a greater capacity for permanent magnetism than what is afforded by the mere proportional of their mass similarly tempered. This principle has been followed out, and the results are given, as well as those of several new and distinct investigations. They together comprise the “Ready and effective processes for magnetising large bars and their plates ; the ready determination of the proportional directive powers of magnetic needles or bars ; the determination of the relative strength or tenaciousness of the magnetic condition in each of a series of apparently similar plates or bars of steel ; of the ratio of the power of magnets with the augmentation of the thickness or mass, in otherwise similar bars, with the modifications of such ratio by difference of tempering ; of the relative degree of hardness or temper of plates or bars composed of the same kind of steel ; and of the quality of bars, plates, or instruments constructed of steel.” The latter division treating of the determination of the quality of the unmanufactured or raw material ; the application of the principle for testing the quality of steel ; and the determination, by the magnetic test, of deterioration in the quality of steel in the process of hardening, or by otherwise overheating, holding out a promise of practical benefits, the importance of which will be readily perceived by the steel-worker as well as the magnetician. We conclude with repeating our recommendation of Mr. Scoresby’s *Magnetical Investigations* as well worthy attention and examination.

MISCELLANEOUS.

History of Europe from the Commencement of the French Revolution in 1789, to the Restoration of the Bourbons in 1815. By A. Alison, F.R.S.E., Advocate. Vol. VII. Edinburgh, Blackwood ; London, Cadell.

THE present volume of Mr. Alison’s elaborate work sets out with a view of our Indian Empire prior to the administration of Lord Wellesley, and brings down affairs in that quarter to the victories of Wellington and the year 1806. The next part takes up the continental campaigns in 1808, the wars in Germany, the Tyrol, Walcheren expedition, maritime war and peninsular campaigns of 1809 and 1810. This is a stirring and momentous period, and the author has bestowed adequate pains upon its illumination ; for the right understanding of which several modern publications have afforded excellent materials : need we mention the “Wellesley Despatches,” “Gurwood Papers,” “Pelet,” “Thibadeau,” “Montholou,” “Malte Brun,” “Segur,” “Las Cases,” “Bartholdy,” “Bignon,” &c. &c. &c., from all of whom he has sought the best intelligence, and, through comparison, elicited the truth ?

Of the spirit in which Mr. Alison writes we have nothing to remark, except that his seventh volume, like the six volumes which have preceded it, is in a high Tory tone, and unsparing of every deviation from high Tory principles.

We confess we cannot agree with his extreme judgment, as applied, for instance, to Mr. Canning, whose ministerial crisis we think he mistakes. His desertion by the Tories was the greatest political error that party ever committed; and they have to rue its effects to this hour. But these are subjects which we refrain from discussing; and we have only to add, that Mr. Alison displays all the diligence and research which are so essential to genuine history, and deserves accordingly at the hands of the public.

Hints on Horsemanship, to a Nephew and Niece. By an Officer of the Household Brigade of Cavalry. Small 4to. pp. 105. Moxon.

This is an elegantly-got-up little volume, and quite the thing for a horse-riding age, when the example is set by the queen of these realms in taking this healthful and delightful exercise. The instructions are as judicious as the outside and embellishments are pretty.

The History of England. By T. Keightley, author of "The Mythology of Greece and Italy," &c. &c. Vol. II. Pp. 600. London, Longman and Co.; Dublin, Milliken and Son; J. Cumming.

As the able author signifies his intention to improve this history from a work chiefly intended for schools and tuition, into the importance of a more general history, all we shall say of the present volume (which completes the work in its first form) is that it is diligently and impartially executed, and well deserves a place among the best productions of its class.

A Hand-Book for Travellers in Denmark, Norway, Sweden, and Russia, &c. &c. With a Map and Plans. Pp. 276. London, 1839. J. Murray: Leipzig, Black and Armstrong.

The preceding publications by Mr. Murray of works of this useful class, are a sufficient guarantee for the value of this volume to those who have opportunities of extending their travels to the less frequented, but very interesting northern parts of Europe. To us it seems extremely well executed; and we should imagine that tourists in these quarters could nowhere find so good a guide.

A Treatise on the Nature of Club Foot and Analogous Distortions, &c. &c. By W. J. Little, M.D., &c. 8vo. pp. 276. London, 1839. Jeffs; S. Highley. Leipzig, Brockhaus.

THESE subjects, as far as we are aware, have never been separately treated before; and it seems to us that they are handled in a very ample and able manner in this volume.

The Seasons of Life; with an Introduction on the Creation, and Primeval State of Man. By Mary Ashdowne. Pp. 309. London, 1839. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

A VERY pleasing and interesting production of an amiable mind, and belonging to a class of reading peculiarly adapted for youthful females. Gracefulness, order, a love of nature, and a mild religion, are its chief features; and when it enters into the domestic circle, its sketches and advice are all directed to improvement and happiness. From some of the opinions we should beg leave to differ—for instance, p. 176, where the fair author says, "What can equal the tranquil home graced by the pensive mood of an amiable wife?" we, for *pensive*, would say *cheerful*; but taken altogether, there is much to create proper and kindly feelings in these pages.

The Poetry of Flowers, &c. &c. London, 1839. W. and H. Rock.

THIS is a very new and beautiful little per-

formance. In a quarto volume, on appropriate paper, is embossed on every page a flower, and a border of pretty embellishments. The effect is pleasing, and notwithstanding the white purity of the medium, rich. In addition to the art bestowed on these emblems, we have also poetical illustrations neatly printed; and of which the lines to the Tulip may furnish a favourable example:—

" If rainbow tints, or gracefulness of form,
Could chain the sun—blast or resist the storm;
Or if the flowers which hang on boughs so deck,
Were fond and faithful after vanity's wreck;
Queen of the flowers, gay Tulip, thou shouldst be,
And all would how to beauty and to thee;
But since, when past thy little day of bloom,
Thy fading beauty leaves us no perfume,
We dare not bow before thy beauty's shrine,
Or worship charms which fade so fast as thine.
Ah no!—the beauty which leaves not behind
Some lasting charm, some loveliness of mind,
Some perfume of the soul, which will live on,
When grace of form and rainbow hues are gone,
May for a day our admiration move,—
May please our fancy, but not gain our love."

For the ornament of albums, for the boudoir, or for the drawing-room table, we can fairly say this is an elegant production.

The Husband Hunter; or, Das Schicksal. By Denis Ignatius Moriarty, Esq., author of "The Wife Hunter." 3 vols. London, 1839. Bentley.

MR. MORIARTY is a determined author, for we have not only a three-volume novel now before us, but a prefix to it announcing another. Having so much on hand, we need only note of the present production that it lays its scenes in Ireland and Germany, and is altogether a moving panorama, or rather a sketch of Chinese ombres, who pass along the busy walks of such life as the writer has chosen to represent—ladies of title, noblemen, Irish priests and peasants, German princes, and people of all sorts—who talk and act according to the fancy of their creator. There is much variety in the *dramatis persona*; and the lady who gives the name to the work is a successful trapper of four husbands. The whole is pleasant enough, but there is little interest in the incidents, or effect in the conclusion.

ARTS AND SCIENCES. SOCIETY OF ARTS.

MR. WILLIAMS, "On the Ancient Agriculture of the Egyptians." Though this was literally the subject of the last illustration, Mr. Williams touched upon the customs, manners, habits, &c., of the Egyptians. With respect to the hieroglyphical inscriptions on their monuments, nothing, in his opinion, like a satisfactory solution had yet appeared. We need not follow the lecturer through his succinct and satisfactory address, which was remarkable, not for the novelty of its points—how could it be? but for the taste and judgment with which they were arranged. Numerous drawings, taken from Rosellini's magnificent work, were referred to. One of these shewed how the Egyptians gathered the grape;—curious enough, and ludicrous,—monkeys were trained to climb the tender vine, pluck the bunches, and *hand* them to individuals stationed below! If we may judge from the drawing, these cunning assistants first took care of themselves, exacting tithe of each bunch as it was plucked. Amongst the Egyptian curiosities exhibited was bird-flapper, two or three thousand years old; with such instruments the Egyptian boys, like our own in many parts of the country, went out at dawn, and by the clack of the simple instrument alluded to, they frightened the feathered predators from the fields and fruit gardens. The lecturer gave a proof of its

excellent adaptation to the purpose intended. Specimens of Egyptian bread were likewise exhibited; several of the cakes were of great antiquity, and in shape exactly resembled those three-cornered things sold by English bakers, and called by the urchins, for whom they are more particularly furnished, "raspberry turnovers." By the introduction of light, pleasing, and instructive anecdote, a lecture, which otherwise might have been tedious, was rendered very interesting.

GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

[Owing to the pressure of more temporary matters, we have fallen somewhat into arrear with our regular reports of this Society, which we must therefore abridge a little in bringing down to the present date.—*Ed. L. G.*]

APRIL 22. "An Abstract of Mr. Russegger's Journey from Mount Sinai to Hebron and Jerusalem," was communicated by W. I. Hamilton, Esq.—Mr. R. gives a series of barometric levels, from the shores of the Red Sea to the summit of Mount St. Catherine; which, by his measurement, rises 8168 French feet above the sea. Other levels were taken, and Bethlehem found to be 2538 feet, and Jerusalem 2479 French, or 2640 English feet, above the sea. Although the mountains between Jerusalem and the Jordan, in the valley of the Jordan itself, and those around the basin of the Dead Sea, bore unequivocal evidence of volcanic agency, yet not a trace could anywhere be discovered of volcanic or plutonic rocks, porphyry, granite, trachyte, &c., or, indeed, of any rock at all resembling them. On hanging up his barometer on the shores of the Dead Sea, Mr. R. could no longer continue his observations, for the quicksilver rose to the top of the tube; but he calculates its northern end at 1319 French feet, or 1400 English feet, nearly, below the level of the Mediterranean.—2. Mr. A. T. Holroyd read a paper "On the Practicality of Exploring the Source of the White Nile with a Steam-vessel," and pointed out the season and form of vessel most expedient for the purpose. The probable expense of such an expedition would not exceed 5000*l.* Volunteers also would be found gladly to serve in a cause which must excite the greatest interest in all geographers.—3. "Some Notes on the Route from Cordova to Mendoza," by Capt. Gosselman, of the Swedish navy, were also read.

MAY 13TH. (Concluded from our last.)—

1. "Notes on a Journey from Constantinople, by Heraclea, to Angora, in the autumn of 1838." By W. Ainsworth, Esq.—Quitting Constantinople on the 18th September, the party, consisting of Mr. Ainsworth, Mr. Russell, and Mr. Rassam, took the road by Izmid, Sabanjan, and across the Sangarius to Khandak, whence they turned off the high road in a N.E. direction, through forests of beech and oak, to Uskub; thence crossing over a chain of mountains, 1350 feet in height, they descended upon the shore of the Black Sea, at Akchah Shehr, and continued along the coast to the eastward to Erekli; thence by the banks of the Lycus, in a circuitous direction, to the mouth of the Filissos; to Barten; to Amaserah; Zafran Boli; Kastamoni; Tash Köprü; over the Ilik Tagh (4000 feet) to Boi-abad; Vezi Köprü; Osmanjik; Churum; Iskilub; Kankari; Kalah-jik and Angora. Of these places, many of which have been seldom visited by Europeans, Uskub has been identified with Prusa ad Hypium; Erekli contains about 250 houses of Mohammedans, and 50 of Greek Christians, who have one church. Bartan is built upon two low hills of cretaceous limestone, and is paved with large slabs of the same material; its population is about 3200, only 50 of which are Christians. Amaserah is picturesquely

situated on the shores of the Black Sea, and contains about 800 inhabitants. Zafran Boli, a town almost unknown to travellers, is built at the junction of two small streams; and the united waters flow under the lofty arch of a bridge, and down deep rocky dells, to the Soghanli Su. The town has a tolerable market, four handsome and several smaller mosques, and one Christian church; its population is 15,000, including 1500 Christians. Kastamuni is a large town, 2350 feet above the sea, in a valley half a mile wide, which it completely fills up; and on the rocky cliff above stand the ruins of an ancient castle. Its population, from numerous inquiries, appears to be about 48,000 persons, of which 650 only are Christians: here are thirty-six mosques and one Christian church. Its principal trade is in wool; the men work largely in copper, and the women in cotton. Tash Köprü stands on the right bank of the Gok Irmak, and is approached by a bridge seventy-five yards long; the town contains 7500 inhabitants, the greater part of whom are tanners and blacksmiths. The numerous architectural remains denote an ancient site, which an inscription found here proves to have been that of Pompeiopolis. The town of Boi-abid, at an elevation of 1000 feet, is scattered over a small valley, watered by a rivulet, and filled with luxuriant gardens and fine fruit-trees overrun with vines; its population about 1300. Mr. Ainsworth's journal was illustrated by his route-map in eight sheets, on a scale of an inch to four miles; by a plan of Heraclea, with several plans of castles and other buildings, by Mr. Russell; numerous inscriptions, and a list of the names of places in the Arabic characters, with their explanation, by Mr. Rassam; and an astronomical journal, detailing the observation on which the positions of the places depend, are laid down in his map.—2. Mr. Thomson D'Abbadie then gave an account of his recent travels in Abyssinia. Quitting Jiddah, the sea-port of Mekka, Mr. D'Abbadie and his brother coasted along the Arabian shore of the Red Sea as far as Ras Widan, in 18° N. lat. nearly, taking much trouble to obtain correctly the native names for the various capes, islands, &c.; from that point they crossed to Massawah, where they landed in January 1838. This place, called Bate by the natives, is supplied with water from Harkikú (named Dokhono by its inhabitants, and Mender by the Shohú); Massawah contains about 5000 inhabitants, although stated at much less by Rüppell, Salt, &c. After a stay of two months here, the travellers proceeded to Halai and to Ogör-zabo, where they were detained a month; and then on to Adowah or Adwa, the principal town in Tugraü, and situated about 5400 feet above the sea; while Halai can be hardly less than 7000 feet. Mr. D'Abbadie then proceeded on to Gondar, the once beautiful capital of Ethiopia, where he resided for two months, studying the language, &c.; this town is situated on the flat summit of a hill, and is about two miles long by half a mile wide, and contains from twenty-five to thirty thousand inhabitants; the Mussulman suburb at the foot of the hill has about 500 houses. In July, Mr. D'Abbadie left his brother at Gondar, who was resolved to try and penetrate to Enárea, in about 8° N. lat. Enárea is said to be watered by the Gihe, a river larger than the Abhai (called Blue Nile). Beyond Enárea is Kaffa, inhabited by black people not quite negroes; the neighbouring states of Waratta, Gimá, Nomo, &c., are inhabited by Galla tribes. Returning to the coast by the mountains of Se-

men, Mr. D'Abbadie measured a point which he states at 13,000 feet above the sea. The fissure or cleft in the mountains through which the Takazzi flows, is 2000 feet in depth; the mountains of Lamalammo are of trap formation.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

MAY 8. Rev. Dr. Buckland, President, in the chair.—Three communications were read: 1. 'On Casts or Impressions of Vermiform Bodies on thin Flag-stones, belonging to the Carboniferous Series near Half-whistle, in Northumberland,' by Mr. G. C. Atkinson. The bed of sandstone is about 18 feet thick; and the surface of the layers of which it is composed present, in almost every instance, tortuous impressions or casts marked by a longitudinal furrow, and occasional transverse closely set lines. 2. 'On the London and plastic Clays of the Isle of Wight,' by Mr. Bowerbank. The object of this communication is to shew, that there is no geological distinction between the two clays; the author having found that many of the same species of testacea range through the whole series of beds in White Cliff and Alum Bays. 3. 'On the relative Ages of the tertiary Deposits, commonly called Crag, in Norfolk and Suffolk,' by Mr. Lyell. Three points of great importance relative to the crag of Norfolk and Suffolk are discussed in this memoir:—First, The direct superposition of the red to the coralline crag, as pointed out by Mr. Charlesworth, in 1835. Secondly, Whether mammalia are really imbedded in undisturbed marine strata of the crag of Norfolk? Thirdly, Whether the proportion of recent as compared to the extinct shells, is decidedly larger in the crag of Norfolk, so as to indicate a posteriority in age relatively to the Suffolk crag? With regard to the first point, Mr. Lyell states, that the red crag is clearly superimposed on the coralline at Ramsholt, Tattingstone, and Sudburn, resting at the two former localities on denuded beds of the lower deposit. He ascertained also, by the kind assistance of Mr. W. Colchester, that at Sutton, near Woodbridge, the red crag abuts against a vertical face or cliff of the coralline, and likewise overlies it. In this instance, the sand which composes the older bed, or coralline crag, had evidently acquired a certain consistency at the bottom of the sea before the red crag was deposited; for it has been perforated by numerous pholades, the tortuous holes of which descend six or eight feet below the top of the bed, and still contain the shells of the pholas, while the remainder of the cylindrical hollows has been filled with the sand of the supercumbent stratum. With regard to the second point, the occurrence of mammalia in undisturbed beds of marine crag in Norfolk, Mr. Lyell stated, that he had ascertained, by an examination of this crag near Southwold and Norwich, that it is not purely marine, but contains every where an intermixture of land, fresh-water, and sea-shells, with bones of mammalia and fishes. In this deposit near Southwold, Captain Alexander, who accompanied the author, found, some time since, the tooth of a horse within a large specimen of *Fusus striatus*; and he informed Mr. Lyell that bones of mammalia are frequently associated in the same beds with those of fishes, marine shells, and crustaceans. In the neighbourhood of Norwich this deposit forms patches of variable thickness, resting on chalk, and covered by gravel. It is well exposed at Bramerton, Whitlingham, Thorpe, and Postwick; and presents beds of sand, loam, and gravel, con-

taining a mixture of marine, terrestrial, and fluviatile testacea, ichthyolites, and bones of mammalia. The chalk on which it rests was shewn by the late Mr. Woodward to have been drilled by marine animals, and the Rev. Mr. Cleves of Yarmouth presented Mr. Lyell with a specimen of chalk, containing a *pholas crispatus* in a perforation several inches deep. That this portion of the crag was slowly accumulated is evident, from Captain Alexander having found at Bramerton the tusk of an elephant with many serpulae on its surface; and from this fact Mr. Lyell infers, that the bones of quadrupeds were really washed down into the sea or estuary of the Norfolk crag, and were not subsequently introduced into the deposit by diluvial action. The fresh-water shells are rare in the neighbourhood of Norwich, in comparison with the marine, and the terrestrial species are still more scarce. Mr. J. B. Wigham, however, has ascertained that the freshwater testacea predominate in a bed at Thorpe. The same gentleman found at Postwick, in a stratum containing marine shells and fishes, a portion of the left side of an upper jaw of a mastodon, containing the second true molar and the indications in the socket of the first. This specimen Mr. Owen has been enabled to refer to the mastodon *longirostris* discovered at Eppelsheim. In the same bed were found the teeth and jaw of a mouse, larger than the common field species; also bones of birds, and of several species of fishes, the horns of stags, bones and teeth of the horse, pig, elephant, and other quadrupeds, have been likewise detected at Postwick, Thorpe, Bramerton, &c.; and this association of the mastodon and horse near Norwich, as well as in many other places in Europe and America, Mr. Owen considers to be a subject of interest. The third point, respecting the relative antiquity of the Norfolk and Suffolk crag, was discussed at considerable length, and the author acknowledged the great assistance afforded him by Mr. Wigham, who has nearly doubled the number of species formerly obtained from this deposit near Norwich; also the aid which he has received from Mr. Searles Wood, who submitted to Mr. Lyell's examination the whole of his magnificent collection of crag shells; and from Mr. George Sowerby, to whose extensive knowledge of recent testacea the author stated that he is indebted for a rigid determination of the existing shells found in the crag. The number of well-defined species in the Norfolk crag is 112, out of which eighteen are land and fresh-water. Compared with the Suffolk crag this number is small; but Mr. Lyell shewed from the fauna of the Baltic, that species are much less numerous in brackish than salt water, the latitude, climate, and other conditions being the same; he also shewed that, in analogous deposits in the valley of the Rhine, the amount of species is small. Of the ninety-four marine shells, seventy occur in the red crag; and, therefore, it might be inferred, that the two deposits are nearly of the same age; but in the Norfolk beds the recent species, both of fresh-water and marine testacea, amount to between fifty and sixty per cent, and are nearly all British shells, whereas in the red crag there are only thirty per cent, and in the coralline but twenty. This comparatively recent origin of the Norfolk deposit had been previously inferred by Mr. Charlesworth on the general character of the fossils. In the examination of the collections which led to the above results, the greatest care was taken to reject those shells which might have been washed out of the red crag into the Norfolk beds, or those species which

apparently did not live in the waters which deposited this division of the crag. From this numerical proportion of recent testacea, Mr. Lyell inferred that the coralline and red crag belong to his Miocene division of the tertiary series, and the Norfolk strata to his older Pliocene: he also shewed that the lacustrine beds at Grays, in Essex, and many other places, constitute another link in the geological sequence of formations, as they contain ninety per cent of recent testacea, and must consequently be referred to the newer Pliocene epoch. Lastly, a comparison of the crag with the tertiary strata of the faluns of Touraine has convinced Mr. Lyell that M. Desnoyers was right in considering the Suffolk and Touraine deposits to be of the same age, although he formerly dissented from that conclusion.

STATISTICAL SOCIETY.

MR. HEYWOOD in the chair.—Fellows were elected, and donations announced. The communication read was the abstract of the statistical report of Major Tulloch ‘On the Sickness and Mortality among the Troops in the United Kingdom,’ prepared by J. W. C. Lever, Esq. This valuable report is divided into two parts: the first, embracing the medical and statistical details of the dragoon guards, and dragoons; and the second, those of the foot guards only. As these troops are better lodged, and better fed, and have less onerous duties to perform than the great mass of the labouring population; and, moreover, as they are carefully selected, and, as far as can be ascertained, are subject to no physical defect at enlistment; and as their profession, during peace, involves no danger, it might be expected that sickness and mortality would be much lower among them than among those engaged in the occupations of civil life. This is not the case; the average ratio of mortality is found to be 13.3 per 1000. The mortality in the Russian army, on an average of ten years, from 1821 to 1830, was 11.7 per 1000 annually; but that army is entirely composed of young men, between twenty and twenty-five, whilst the British troops are, for the most part, above that age. The mortality of the French army, on an average of six years, from 1820 to 1826, amounted to 19.5 per 1000 annually; but this possibly may include the deaths in corps serving in the colonies. Out of the whole of the dragoon guards, and dragoons, it was found that nearly one third were between eighteen and twenty-five; another third, between twenty-five and thirty-three; and the remaining third of various ages, between thirty-three and forty, with the exception of a few boys under eighteen. By the Carlisle tables, the number annually dying out of a thousand persons, of that age, would be about ten; and by Mr. Finlayson’s observations, derived from the duration of life among the government annuitants, the number is about thirteen. We find we cannot present consecutive notes of this paper, without trenching upon our limited space; we shall, therefore, only present detached portions of interest. On the subject of suicides, it appears that the large proportion of them among this class of the military deserves particular attention. Out of a total of 636 deaths, no fewer than 35, or upwards of one in 20 of the whole, have been from this cause alone, independently of many attempts which did not prove fatal; while, among persons insured in the Equitable, the proportion of the deaths is only one in 110. It is interesting to compare the tendency to self-destruction in the army with the proportion of suicides in civil

life in different countries. M. Quetelet states, that in France there is one suicide annually to 18,000 inhabitants:

Prussia	1	suicide to 14,404 inhabitants.
Austria	1	20,900 ..
Russia	1	49,182 ..
New York	1	7,797 ..
Boston	1	12,500 ..
Baltimore	1	13,636 ..
Philadelphia	1	15,875 ..
Dragoons Guards and Dragoons of the United Kingdom	1	1,274 ..

From the returns of the Metropolitan Police Force, notwithstanding all the disadvantages of frequent night-duty to which that class of men is exposed, the mortality out of an average strength of 3400, continually employed, is but thirty per annum, being under nine per thousand; in addition to which, nearly the same proportion was invalidated for bad health. The average strength of the household cavalry is 1193; the annual deaths, 17; therefore, the ratio of deaths per 1000 of the mean strength will be 14.5. The mortality is not so high by at least one half, as among the foot guards; and is lower, by a small fraction, than among the cavalry corps employed throughout the kingdom. Among the household cavalry, the annual ratio of deaths per 1000 of the mean strength, from diseases of the lungs, is 8.1; that of the foot guards being 14.1. This difference cannot arise from the foot guards being in a greater degree exposed on night duty, for among the troops of the line serving at home, and whose constitutions have been deteriorated by residence in tropical or unhealthy climates, the mortality by diseases of the lungs is much lower.

ENTOMOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

APRIL 1. The Rev. F. W. Hope, President, in the chair.—A great number of donations of scientific works presented by the Royal Society, the Royal Academy of Brussels, &c., were announced, and numerous gentlemen were elected as ordinary or corresponding members. The president exhibited a collection of insects received by him from Sierra Leone, including the rare *Chiroscelis digitatus*. Mr. Raddon exhibited various heliographic drawings of plants, &c., and pointed out the advantages which might be obtained from adopting this process for obtaining correct representations of insects. He also presented proof-engravings of W. Spence, and J. G. Children, Esqrs. The following memoirs were read:—1. ‘Some Remarks on Wireworms, which seriously damaged the potato crop in Shropshire, Worcestershire, and Herefordshire,’ in 1838, by the Rev. F. W. Hope.—2. ‘On the Habits and Structure of the Nests of Gregarious Hymenoptera, particularly those of the Hornet and Hive-Bee,’ by George Newport, Esq. This memoir led to a very extended discussion.—3. ‘Sketch of an Arrangement of a Cabinet of Insects, illustrative of their Economy, and Structural Peculiarities,’ by W. Sells, Esq.

May 6. The Rev. F. W. Hope in the chair.—Donations of entomological and other works, by Drs. Germar, Burmeister, Messrs. Hope, Haliday, Westwood, &c., were announced. Mr. Yarrell exhibited a large and very hairy caterpillar of South America, which has been observed to possess the power of communicating powerful electric shock. The president exhibited a specimen of a foreign beetle which he had had in his cabinet for several years, from the body of which a living filaria had very recently partially protruded itself. Various heliographic drawings of insects, and of their anatomical details, were exhibited by Messrs. Shipster and

Raddon. The latter gentleman also exhibited two magnificent specimens of *Goliathus Drusii*, and *Regius*, from the coast of Africa. The same gentleman also communicated other interesting objects.—The president read an extract from a letter received from J. Strachan, Esq., stating the recent capture of the hitherto unique *Eudacilla morgani*, at Sierra Leone.—The memoirs read were:—1. ‘Description, accompanied by Figures, of a minute *Strepsipterous* Insect discovered in Ireland,’ by Robert Templeton, Esq.—2. ‘Some Remarks upon the Entomophagous Tribes of the Australian Alps,’ by Dr. John Lhotsky, containing a short notice of the Bugong moth (of which a much more detailed account has, however, been published by Mr. Bennett, in his ‘Wanderings in New South Wales.’)—3. ‘Extract (from an unpublished memoir) relating to the Edible Insects of the West Coast of Africa,’ by Lieut. Sayers.—The president also communicated some extracts relative to the attacks of Cock-roaches in Africa upon various articles, as well as upon persons asleep. Various other instances of the latter were given by Messrs. Raddon and Sayers.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

CAMBRIDGE, May 15.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Bachelor in Medicine.—G. F. Evans, Caius College.
Bachelors in the Civil Law.—Rev. B. C. Smith, Trinity Hall; Rev. C. Ormond, Jesus College.
Masters of Arts.—O. Walford, C. J. Selwyn, F. Custance, Trinity College; S. Bridge, Queen’s College; H. Howes, Caius College; F. Barker, Jesus College.
Bachelors of Arts.—E. Mooyart, Trinity College; R. P. Baker, E. P. Luscombe, J. Rose, St. John’s College; G. W. Robinson, J. H. Wise, St. Peter’s College; G. W. Money, F. E. Durnford, W. Young, J. H. Browne, F. E. Long, King’s College; W. B. Brett, A. Bodle, Caius College; A. Wilkin, F. A. Baines, G. J. Ansley, Christ’s College; R. J. P. Broughton, C. Wood, C. G. Smith, Clare Hall; C. Ward, G. Jackson, J. Buck, Magdalene College; J. Jones, Corpus Christi College; C. Crane, Pembroke College; T. Gleadow Fearn, Catharine Hall.

At the same congregation, C. J. Belin, of Oxford, was admitted *ad eundem* of this university.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

AFTER a Council, the Lord Bishop of Winchester in the chair, when the Chevalier Bunsen and Dr. Lepsius were elected honorary members of the Society, the ordinary meeting was held. L. Hayes Pettit, Esq., presiding. Mr. Hamilton laid upon the table some interesting newspapers of Athens, in Greek, and accompanied by engravings of various antiquities recently discovered, together with Inscriptions, &c., executed in a very creditable style. A continuation of Mr. Wright’s Introduction to the ‘Biographia Literaria Britanniae’ (in progress under the auspices of the Society) was read, in which the educational treatises, medical books, and other of the earliest and most curious works of our Saxon ancestors were illustrated, and many singular customs and anecdotes brought to bear upon this popular subject.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Monday.—Geographical (Anniversary), 1 P.M.; British Architects, 8 P.M.

Tuesday.—Civil Engineers, 8 P.M.; Zoological, 8 P.M.

Wednesday.—Society of Arts, 7½ P.M.

Thursday.—Royal Society, 8½ P.M.; Antiquaries, 8 P.M.

Friday.—Royal Institution, 8½ P.M.

FINE ARTS.

EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

[Third notice.]

351. Van Amburgh and his Animals. E. Landseer, R.A.—Wonder and curiosity are alike excited in the astounding facts which this

picture exhibits; but incredulity is forced to yield when thousands of living witnesses can attest the reality of the scene represented. In contemplating the performance and its extraordinary character, we for a while lose sight of that skill in the artist which has in every other instance, where animals were introduced, been the first object of our attention; but such powers cannot long remain unappreciated, for never were these ferocious creatures more fearfully or more truly delineated: while the spectators without the den, in their expressions of fear and astonishment, are a just comment on the powers (by whatever means obtained) which man now possesses over the hitherto untameable part of the creation.

327. *The Pillaging of a Jew's House in the Reign of Richard I.* E. Landseer, A.—When subjects like this become the choice of an artist, we may say with Zanga, in the "Revenge," that "Horrors are not displeasing" to him; for more of violence, plunder, and cruelty, under the sanction of religious zeal and bigotry, was never, we think, more powerfully, and, we must also say, more skilfully brought into view. In all the chaos of atrocity, neither the picturesque, nor any other essential quality of art, is omitted. Costumes, furniture, and character, are preserved, and all is in keeping with the destructive scene. The emotions excited by such pictures, are not pity or sympathy for the sufferers, but anger and shame that such acts should ever have disgraced the nation and outraged humanity. But let us call another subject, and where can we find one better calculated to disperse rueful thoughts than,

361. *Portrait.* D. Cowper.—Which is, in fact, the witching countenance of "Kate Kearny," with its quotation,

"Beware of her smile," &c.

Cheerfulness and roguery are the characteristics of the damsel.

394. *Othello relating his Adventures.* D. Cowper.—We have been so long accustomed to African features in all the representations of the Moor of Venice, that we are not quite satisfied with the sort of half-caste countenance in this performance. In all other respects the scene and its personages are admirably depicted, and the expression is well suited to the different characters. There is, besides, a breadth and clearness in the execution which is entitled to great praise; and will, we feel confident, with the union of other qualities already observed in Mr. Cowper's works, give him a distinguished rank in art.

377. *Quentin Matsys, the Blacksmith of Antwerp.* R. Redgrave.—In addition to the account given in the quotation, we may say with the old ballad,

"By this you see what love can do;"

for not a vestige of the blacksmith is visible in the well-proportioned figure of the artist, shewing off his performance to the admiring old painter. Indeed, the time taken to win his mistress (judging from his picture of the Two Misers) must have been of sufficient length to have rubbed off the rust of his trade, which, together with the kind looks of the lady, evince that "Love's labour" has not been "lost."

428. *The Bride of Lammermuir.* R. S. Launder.—At the first glance of this performance we looked eagerly in the catalogue for the name of the artist, and, somewhat to our surprise, it was new to us: we then examined past catalogues, but it was not there; yet we felt quite assured that much practice, and a true feeling of the subject, must have gone to

the production of such a work. We are bound to say, that *The Bride of Lammermuir* must place the painter high in the rank of his profession. The forlorn and desolate character of the victim bride, the stern and vindictive looks of the ambitious mother, with the dignified melancholy of the master of Ravenswood, are all in perfect keeping with the sad story and its fatal results. As a work of art in all its qualities, we have seldom seen a more perfect performance.

441. *Sweet Summer-time.* T. Creswick.—The painter could hardly have made choice of a better title to his picture: *Sweet Summer-time* is associated with every feeling of delight and pleasure.

"The pomp of groves, the garniture of fields," are brought to the mind's eye. Its illustration by the artist is simple in character, yet highly interesting in its beautifully executed foliage, whose feathery lightness is one of the distinguishing characteristics of this skilful artist's pencil. Two lovers, seated at the feet of some lofty elms, and cheerful vistas opening on the sight, are the principal features of the scene.

470. *Returning from Gleaning.* T. Roads.—In some former works by this artist of Italian peasants, their habits and character, we observed much promise from the qualities elicited by his pencil. In the present instance, we think he is quite as much at home and equally successful. A clear and brilliant effect of light relieves his figure to great advantage.

469. *Le Chapeau de Brigand.* T. Uwins, R.A.—What a fertile field and resource are incidents and accidents to an artist! What are passed over as ordinary events by the greater part of mankind furnish him with subjects for his pencil, as may be seen in the present example. In this performance, we are indeed reminded of the famed Chapeau de Paille, but in no unfit or unworthy way of comparison; on the contrary, in point of colouring, *Le Chapeau de Brigand* is as warm and splendid, and in expression and beauty of subject, more attractive and interesting: for with us, a name in art is not every thing.

538. *A Scene from Parnell's "Hermit."* A. Fraser.—Of this picture we may observe, that in its varied, rich, and harmonious colouring, and its fluent and masterly execution, it much resembles the works of Rembrandt; but in point of feeling, character, and expression, is more tastefully and judiciously treated. All the accessories brought to bear upon the subject are calculated to display the above-named qualities in art.

519. *Columbus asking Bread and Water for his Child, &c.* W. Simson.—There is something anomalous in the dress and appearance of Columbus and his child, with the request for bread and water; but ancient hospitality was at that period like the chivalry of knighthood: liberality was a redeeming trait in both, and travellers and strangers of every degree were accustomed to solicit food or shelter in religious asylums. The subject, however, conveys the idea of the vicissitudes of fortune occurring in the case of one of the greatest names and most imperishable characters the world ever produced. The picture is painted in the artist's usual clear and distinct style: perhaps, in the opinion of some, it may be thought to have too much of that quality.

[To be continued.]

PHOTOGENIC DRAWING.

An omission was made in the paper on Photogenic Drawing, which was inserted in the last Number of the *Literary Gazette*; for, whilst

treating of the ammonio-nitrate of silver, I forgot to mention the proportions which were found most suitable: this may seem unimportant in a paper which is not very sensitive, but, as the ease and certainty of its preparation, as well as its cheapness, exceed all other described papers, it possesses a particular claim for our notice. Twenty grains of nitrate of silver are to be dissolved in an ounce of water; then a few drops of ammonia are to be added, which at first throws down a considerable precipitate; this, by a further addition of ammonia, redissolves, and the solution becomes quite clear, when it will be ready to be applied by a sponge to the paper. The most suitable paper for this preparation of silver is the "double copy." The whole cost of photogenic paper does not exceed, by this process, one penny for a sheet equal in size to large foolscap, which, if bought of vendors, would cost between one shilling and fourpence and four shillings. The cost of all other papers does not exceed twopence-halfpenny the sheet, except that prepared with the bromide of potassium; which, for the same quantity, would be about one penny more expensive. The preparation of paper suitable to the use of the corrosive sublimate is still more simple, for here it is only necessary to sponge over a very thin paper with a 20 gr. solution of nitrate of silver, and expose it to the action of the light of the sun. Drawings made in this way have analogy with etchings executed on glass, covered with black varnish, but are more easily made; the white parts of the paper are, however, not so transparent as the glass. An error requiring notice has also crept into my paper; for the hyposulphites, instead of the hyposulphites, are there mentioned as stopping agents.

ALFRED SMEE.

Bank of England, May 21st, 1839.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Royal Review at Windsor, on September 18th, 1838. Engraved by S. W. Reynolds, from a Drawing by F. Tayler: the Portraits by S. W. Reynolds. Boys.

ALTHOUGH the title is rather a misnomer, this large and finely executed print comprehends one of the most pleasing, picturesque, and characteristic portraits of the Queen that have yet appeared. Her majesty, in a riding habit and cap, with the star and ribbon of the order of the garter on her breast, and seated on a beautiful and favourite gray charger, is passing out of Windsor Castle, by George the Fourth's Gateway, on her way to the review. She is accompanied, on her right hand, by his majesty the King of the Belgians; on her left, by Lord Hill, the commander of the forces; and is immediately followed by the Duke of Wellington, Lord Palmerston (in the Windsor uniform), Colonel Freemantle, her Majesty's Aide-de-Camp, and a party of the Yeuth, or Prince of Wales's regiment. The distinguishing feature of this clever composition is, that it conveys a more accurate idea than we have heretofore seen, of the queen's youthful and *petite*, though gracefully formed figure. The male portraits, especially those of King Leopold, and our veteran Duke, are also very like: the horses are designed with great beauty and spirit; the Round Tower "comes in" very happily in the back-ground; and the effect of the whole is magnificent, gay, and striking.

The Grand Canal, Venice. Drawn by J. D. Harding; Engraved by David Lucas. Moon. WE well recollect the original drawing, as being one of the most attractive ornaments of

the Exhibition last year of the Society of Painters in Water-Colours. Of the almost innumerable views that we had seen of Venice, it struck us as being, at least, one of the best. The masterly manner in which the figures are introduced adds greatly to its interest, and to its picturesque character. Mr. Lucas, whose talents as a mezzotinto engraver are well known, has done it ample justice : and the result is one of the most splendid prints of the present day.

Odin. Painted by Edwin Landseer, R.A. ; Engraved by Thomas Landseer. Moon.

A CANINE head, as large as life ; engraved, we presume, from the study for the fine picture by Mr. Edwin Landseer, now exhibiting at the Gallery of the British Institution. It is full of noble, generous, and affectionate character. Odin is evidently in profound thought. "It is this intellectuality," says a writer in the "New Monthly," "joined with their individuality—for no two dogs are alike—that makes them such admirable subjects for the gifted hand of Edwin Landseer." Mr. Thomas Landseer has preserved all the beauty and spirit of the original, in transferring it to copper.

Portrait of M. Faraday. Drawn and Engraved by C. Turner.

THIS admirable portrait will convey to the most distant parts, and to latter times, a pleasing idea of those highly intellectual lineaments which mark the features of one of the most distinguished men of our age. Standing in the attitude of demonstrating some remarkable scientific mystery, with his left hand on a chemical apparatus, the individual simplicity of character and perfect mastery of his subject in the lecturer, are finely expressed by the simplicity and ease of the figure. The eye is lighted with his own intelligence, and the whole, as a work of art, is most honourable to Mr. Turner's taste and ability—taste in the composition, and ability in transferring it to the engraving.

The Countess of Jersey, and the Lady Adela Corisanda Villiers. Drawn by A. E. Chalon, R.A.; Engraved by F. C. Lewis. Boys.

THE fine breeze which is evidently blowing, and which compels her little ladyship, wrapped as she is in a richly furred mantle, to cling closely to mamma's bosom, has given Mr. Chalon an opportunity, of which he has availed himself with his usual taste, of giving great spirit and animation to this clever whole-length portrait. It has been engraved by Mr. Lewis in his best manner.

Raphael Sketching the Virgin and Child. Painted by A. Hopfgarten; on Stone, by J. Erruben. Houlston and Hughes.

WELL composed and designed. The attention of the various spectators, especially of one of the young coopers, is skilfully expressed.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

A REMONSTRANCE.

WHAT hard art thou so apt to grace,
With poetry's pure breath,
The scatterer of the human race !
The trafficker in death !
Are plunder'd shrine, and midnight chain—
A shrieking city's blaze—
And beauty, in pollution slain,
The themes for poet's praise ?

Marengo's hero then recall !
Dethrone the crowned of earth !

Shake o'er a weeping world death's pall—
Cheer Horror's brood to birth !
While startled bones of millions rise
All ghastly as they stood
When thunderous battle mock'd the skies,
And rained down human blood !

Whilst hoary heads, all stark and gashed,
Throng shore and town remote,
As when the Gallic armies plashed
In carnage to the throat !
His mete-sceptre pledge once more ;
Napoleon, to the van !
Come, quaff the reeking cup of gore,
And shout for slaughter !—Man.

Another Austerlitz demand,
Another Jena claim ;
And desolate the groaning land
To write one despot's fame !
Let e'en the pyramids afford
A verse for *his* renown :
But speak not of brave Sidney's sword,
That swept the invader down !

Sing not of Moscow's flaming tide—
The fiery brands which hurled
The chainer of the nations wide,
The scourge of the world,
With rout and havoc from their shore !
To Cossack hate consigned :—
Famine and frozen wastes before,
Bones and the wolf behind.

Let not Trafalgar's chief, who died,
A moment's thought beguile ;
Nor laud with British heart and pride
The Baltic and the Nile !
Leave Nelson's glorious flag unsung,
And Wellington unwreathed ;
Their fame with which all Europe rung,
For *his*—who'd best ne'er breathed !

And glaze the tyrant's guilty mood,
And wail his hapless cause ;
That Sylla—in his thirst for blood !
That Draco—in his laws !
Mourn him who to the conscript gave
Heart-broken France a prey ;
And still could outraged nature brave
With homicidal sway !

Yes, wake the throb of sympathy—
Bid maudlin tears reveal
How much men grieve for Europe free—
How miss the tyrant's steel !
And make the conscious sea blush gore
In shame for Nelson's land ;
Make Earth, revolting, lift once more
Her blood-accusing hand !

CHARLES SWAIN.

MUSIC.

*Philharmonic Concerts.**—The fifth of these concerts opened with Beethoven's fanciful sinfonia, in F; its first and second movements (*Allegretto Schenzooso*) were extremely well performed, but the *tempo* of the last was not taken by the conductor with spirit, and was therefore lost. Spohr's "Tears of Sorrow," sung by Phillips, was very heavy. Mr. W. S. Bennett's new pianoforte concerto, in F minor, was perhaps the most effective thing of the evening. This gentleman's instrumentation is so judicious, and his performance so perfect, that he never fails to delight his audience ; but on this occasion he appeared to be more than usually felicitous, although we did not think his third

* Although a great diminution has occurred this year in the list of annual subscribers, many appear to be returning, through the medium of the single tickets, to their former haunt ; and we doubt not will renew, next season, their regular attendance, especially as Laporte has failed to establish his threatened rival society.

movement of a piece with the other two : it requires manual dexterity rather than soul in its execution. By the by, we recognised the second movement as an old, and not a *new* friend. It is, however, a barcarole, and a perfect gem of its kind ; the whole so masterly a production as to rank the composer with such men as Moscheles, Hummel, and Mendelsohn. If there is any vocalist who gives the most general satisfaction at concerts, it is Madame Stockhausen. She very properly selected on this occasion a classical composition, the scenes from Beethoven's "Fidelio," which she sang in her usual pure and feeling manner. The overture to "Euryanthe" went wretchedly, owing to the conductor's *baton*, which seemed to be *too heavy* for the wielder. The second act began with Spohr's sinfonia, in E flat, which went off heavily ; as also the lovely duet from the "Freyschütz," "Schelm hält fest," between Madame Stockhausen and Mlle. Biltstein. Mr. Batta, the violoncellist, from Paris, will please in a drawing-room, but not in a "grand salon de concert;" although possessing great power of execution, and some taste, his tone is so harsh, that it seems to cut its way rather than insinuate itself into the ear. A trio, from "Fidelio," between the three vocalists already named, and Winter's overture to "Calypso," concluded the entertainment.

On Monday last the sixth concert took place, and proved a most admirable one. Beethoven's "Pastoral Symphony," a work so well known and appreciated by all judges of music, that it is needless for us to make any comments upon it, stood first in the programme ; and we never remember to have heard it go off better. Mr. T. Cooke leading, and Mr. Potter conducting. Donizetti's "Fra Poco" was delightfully sung by Ivanoff, but the music of this composer is hardly high classed enough for the Philharmonic. A Mademoiselle Lewig performed, for the first time in this country, a pianoforte concerto of Ries's. We cannot say we are great admirers of this master's composition ; however, the second movement struck us as being capable of much effect, had it been played with taste. Mademoiselle Lewig has a perfect and brilliant execution, but not one atom of feeling. Could she obtain that, she would stand better in her profession ; but at present she has little chance of producing anything like a sensation in this country. A Mademoiselle Dorus Gras, whom the printer of the programmes thought fit to dignify with the matronly distinction of "Madame," also made her first appearance, and we may venture to assert it will not be the last. Her voice is a soprano of great compass, and although more powerful than sweet, yet of such astonishing flexibility as to be perfectly marvellous ; we think, however, she is more suited to theatre than a concert-room. Her first song was "Va, dit elle," from *Robert le Diable*. Weber's overture to *Der Freyschütz* concluded the act. The second act opened with Mozart's E flat, which went off admirably. Schubert's serenade, "Quando Avvolto," was exquisitely sung by Ivanoff ; and a violin concerto of Hauman's, performed by himself, was the instrumental piece. The composition is decidedly fine, and lost nothing by his execution ; his tone is immense, and although in many respects we prefer David's, M. Hauman must be admitted to be the more astonishing violinist : the union of the pizzicato, almost simultaneously with the bowing passages in the finale, produced unbounded applause ; Paganini could not have wished for more. An air of Auber's was mag-

magnificently sung by Mademoiselle Dorus Gras, and Cherubini's "Anacreon" ended our evening of delight.

THE DRAMA.

Her Majesty's Theatre.—Mozart's *Nozze Figaro* has been twice played at this theatre since our last notice; the only change from the cast of last season is in the part of *Cherubino*, the page, now sustained by Mdlle. Ernesta Grisi, who assuredly is not likely to increase her fame by her execution of it.

Haymarket.—An extravaganza, by Mr. Lover, founded on the whimsical old story, "The Man's Shirt," has been most successful at this theatre. Power sustains the principal character with his usual humour; and his fun and light-heartedness contrasts well with the mock solemnity of O. Smith. The names are droll, the jokes laughable, and the whole piece half an hour long. No one that we know of could have made so much drollery, and stuffed it with so many telling points, out of so slight an anecdote. We enjoyed it much, and recommend our friends to "go and do likewise."

New Strand Theatre.—The *Cheerful Brothers*, and *Tim Linkenwater*, well represented by Messrs. G. Cooke, Biddle, and A. Richardson, and *Brooker*, the returned convict, are the additional characters to the dramatic version of *Nicholas Nickleby*, played for the first time at this theatre on Monday last. The beggar and starving *Brooker*, spurned by *Ralph Nickleby*, whose confidential agent he was previously to the trip across the herring pond, is made the instrument to unravel the mystery of *Smike's* parentage, and to invest him with his maternal inheritance, under the trusteeship of *Cheerful Brothers*. The professional money-lender, the *Ralph Nickleby* of "Boz," was cleverly conceived, and acted by Mr. Ray. Miss Daly, Mr. Barton, and Mr. Bennett, exerted themselves as *Smike*, *Nicholas Nickleby*, and *Neuman Noggs*. The other characters were well dressed, and well sustained. Miss Pettifer is an interesting *Kate Nickleby*, and Mrs. Selby an admirable *Madame Mantalini*.

St. James's Theatre.—A novelty, called *My Lover*, has been produced here, to close the season; and Mrs. Hooper has been playing *Lucille* with great talent and effect.

Haynes Bayly.—We are happy to perceive, by a bill which has just been handed to us, that the literary and musical world are rallying together in behalf of the widow and children of poor Mr. Haynes Bayly. A benefit will shortly be given at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, under the patronage of her grace the Duchess of Beaufort, and several other distinguished persons; and a host of talent, both native and foreign, is enlisted for the occasion. We earnestly hope the public will respond to the call.

VARIETIES.

Caricatures.—H. B. has this week given us two novelties, Nos. 590 and 591. The first is a Game at Whist; the Queen and Lord Melbourne partners against Wellington and Peel: the Duke asks his Lordship to allow him "to see the last trick," which is, indeed, covered by his Lordship's hand; whilst Sir Robert, addressing the lady, says, "Pardon me, your M-j-sty has revoked." The nine diamonds, a significant card, is just laid on the table by the Queen. This is an admirable caricature, the likenesses excellent. The other is from the farce of the *Invincibles*, and still more humor-

ous. Peel, as a grenadier, protected by Wellington, as a wooden-legged old pensioner, is driven out by the *Household* troops, commanded "forward," by the Queen in person. It is a gallant charge, and the Bedchamber never turned out better.

Sketch of Society.—London and its vicinity, on Monday, presented as curious an appearance as any observer of manners could well desire to witness; sights that would have wonderfully astonished any person buried fifty years ago, were it possible to rise again to notice them. The river reeking with steam-vessels, crowded with passengers; and the bridges, instead of a pleasant air, as much covered with smoke as the roof of an engine manufactory. The streets of the metropolis, perambulated by new classes of people: Chartists, a political sect, whose aim is an entire remodelling of the famed English constitution; and Tee-totalers, another sect, whose creed is entire abstinence from all sorts of intoxicating liquors. Both were accompanied by music, banners, insignia, and proselytes, in every kind of conveyance which the repositories of London could furnish forth to grace their processions. Among the prominent features in the former was the majority of very young men and mere boys which filled the ranks, so that, if the purposes were dangerous, there seemed to be little danger in the actors; in the latter, the general ugliness (for that is the only applicable term) of the females who lent their countenances to this demonstration of, at least, a harmless enthusiasm. Smoking cigars, too, by some of the men, we considered to be inconsistent with the spirit and principles of the association; since the indulgence in an intoxicating and offensive drug must be as objectionable as a draught of sound malt-liquor or a glass of generous wine. The appearance of Kennington Common, where the cavalcades assembled to address themselves to the multitude, baffles all description. Twenty or thirty orators, speaking at the same time from every sort of vehicle, and on every sort of topic, with the corresponding shouting and cheering, shewed that the idea of the confusion of Babel might be far out-done by the confusion of Kennington.

Curiosities of Literature.—No. I.—J. R. advertises for page 24 of Crammer's Bible, 1541. Has he discovered the art of splitting a leaf in two, and so expects the page at half-price? [See "Gentleman's Magazine," May, 1839. Cover, p. 2.] No. II.—Among the announcements of the season is a tolerable bull, and not generally remarked, viz., the exhibition of the *invisible girl*.

India.—The last No. of the "Oriental Herald" deserves our warm praise for its very recent and important views of Indian affairs, and its speedy publication of Indian news. Among the rest, we notice a mention of a young Brahmin poet of the name of Kasiprasad, whose compositions, in choice English, are highly spoken of; and if we may judge from a single quotation, not without just cause. One couplet is enough to stamp his fame:

"Love is a rose, but, woman, thou the gale
To fling its sweetens in the bower of life."

Native Physicians.—One of the most interesting spectacles it has ever been our lot to witness in this country, was exhibited on Saturday at the Medical College. Five young Hindoos were publicly invested with certificates of qualification to practise medicine, after having studied at the college with surprising success for a period of about three years and a half, and passed the ordeal of a very severe examination.—*Oriental Herald*.

Tulips.—Mr. Groom's *Tulips*, to be seen at Walworth, during the present month, will delight all our friends who admire the most beautiful products of floriculture.

Surrey Zoological Gardens.—The new Panoramic Exhibition at these Gardens is quite extraordinary. Volcanoes and Icebergs! We need not go to the Arctic Regions now, but merely cross the river, to these pleasant resorts, where animal nature is also seen to perfection.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

In the Press.

Miss Emma Roberts announces "A Guide to India," with every information necessary to be known, both as regards the voyage out, and the overland route to India, with complete lists of necessaries, &c. &c.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

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METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1839.

May,	Thermometer,		Barometer,	
	From	To	From	To
Thursday .. 16	29	35	52	29-70
Friday .. 17	30	..	60	29-89 .. 30-42
Saturday .. 18	30	..	63	30-02 .. 30-00
Sunday .. 19	31	..	63	29-97 .. 30-03
Monday .. 20	34	..	75	30-13 .. 30-18
Tuesday .. 21	43	..	65	30-09 .. 30-00
Wednesday .. 22	42	..	53	30-04 .. 29-91

Winds, S.W. and N.W.
Except the 17th, and following day, generally cloudy;
rain fell on the 16th, 19th, 21st, and 22d.

Rain fallen, .0875 of an inch.

Edmonton. CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.
Latitude, ... 51° 37' 32" N.
Longitude, ... 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Our Correspondent, in answer to "C.S." on the Egyptian Inscriptions, reached us too late for this week. In our next.

We cannot insert the poetical dedication to Her Majesty. Its proper place is in the work.

T. H. B.'s work has been received, and noticed. See No. 110, page 232.

ADVERTISEMENTS, Connected with Literature and the Arts.

THE FIFTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION
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